IGHT ILLUSTRATED—WITH SUPPLEMENT.

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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SHE THREW HIM OUT.

An Eavesdropper is shown his business by a Young Lady of Muscle.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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AFTER a protracted newspaper warfare, the Corbett and Mitchell fight was brought to a decision. The victory of Corbett at least places in the background a man who was despised by all English sportsmen, and, in fact, barred out of our leading sporting club. We refer to Mitchell as one of the most arrogant individuals who ever sought fame in the prize ring. The showing he made against Corbett was a most deplorable one. He was outclassed from the moment time was called, and now that he has received a good thrashing many of the people whom he has abused will rejoice over his downfall. Had he carried off the honours of the day it would have meant death to pugilism in this country. We wonder that he took his defeat so gracefully, but suppose that he was so far inferior to the man he had faced that any comment on his part would have placed him in a more ridiculous light before the public. Though he called himself the Boxing Champion of England, he is by no means the best man we have, because Ted Pritchard would probably make it extremely interesting for him were they to meet.

We can now say that only Corbett and Jackson remain at the top of the fistic ladder, and curious to say they both conduct themselves as gentlemen, and are a credit to the profession.

We would suggest that Mitchell double up with John L. Sullivan, and tour the States as a pair of beaten blowers. They might earn a few dollars there as "has beens," but please spare us the torture of their presence.

* * *

IN order to secure a little free advertising John L. Sullivan threatens to seek another match with Corbett, but it is safe to say that were he driven into a room where he believed Corbett to be ready to fight, his pleadings for release would indeed be heartrending. It seems strange that any challenge he might offer should be recognised unless backed up by a substantial forfeit. When he was at his height in fistic fame he belittled every man in the profession, and branded more than one game Englishman as a coward, seeking money for a four-round contest. When Corbett meted out to him a well-deserved thrashing he was the first man to cry for sympathy, and even resorted to a cowardly attack on the men who lost money on him, claiming he had not been honestly handled.

* * *

JAMES J. CORBETT, contrary to the custom, declined to shake hands with Mitchell before the fight, because the latter had acted in a most insulting manner to him. He displayed manliness, however, in grasping the hand of the beaten man when they met in the Court Room.

MANY people looked for a scientific and protracted fight, but were doomed to disappointment. Hatred urged Corbett into accepting a chance blow for the sake of thrashing Mitchell in as short a space of time as was possible.

* * *

IT is pleasing for us to read many of the complimentary notices which appear from time to time regarding THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

The *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, commenting on our journal, says:—

"THE MIRROR OF LIFE is the title of a new illustrated paper published in London. From the several numbers we have had the pleasure of perusing, we are distinctly of opinion that THE MIRROR OF LIFE has "come to stay," as it contains matter and illustrations of great interest to the sporting fraternity and *bon vivants*."

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and the MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

MR. GEORGE VIZE.

Prominent London Sportsman.

(With Portrait.)

MR. GEORGE VIZE is prominent in Great Britain as a sportsman and a patron of boxing contests. When a young man he won the Amateur Heavy-weight Boxing Championship of the United Kingdom, and after retiring from such exercises he still maintained his interest in the manly art, being a patron to all the leading battles. He was referee of the match between Peter Jackson, coloured champion, and Jem Smith, and also figured as an official in many contests of less importance.

Mr. Vize is a business man and a member of the principal London clubs. He is a good judge of fighters, and has done much toward making the "game" popular with the better classes.

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

Champion Middle-weight Pugilist of the World.

(With Portrait).

BOB FITZSIMMONS was born at Elston, Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862. He stands 6ft high in his stocking feet. Stripped to the skin his measurements are: chest, 43in; shoulders, 51in; waist, 34in; hips, 37½in; thighs, 22in; calf, 14in; biceps, 14in; forearm, 12in; wrist, 8in; neck, 17in. He went to Timarn, New Zealand, in 1878, and learned the horse-shoeing trade. He was first brought out by Jem Mace and his first professional fight was with Slade the Maori.

Before coming to America, where he arrived May 15, 1890, he had bested the following men: Slade, 3 rounds; Jim Crawford, 3; Bill Slavin, Jim Hall, 5; "Starlight," 9; Arthur Cooper, 3; Jack Murphy, 4; Brinsmead, 2; Jack Greentree, 3; Dick Sandal, 4; Conway, 3: Dick Ellis, 3; Prof. West, 1. His only defeat was by Jim Hall in 1890, 4 rounds.

His victories in America are as follows:

Billy McCarthy, San Francisco, 9 rounds, 1890.

Arthur Upham, New Orleans, 5 rounds, 1890.

Jack Dempsey, New Orleans, 13 rounds, 1891.

"Black Pearl," Minneapolis, 4 rounds, 1891.

Peter Maher, New Orleans, 12 rounds, 1892.

Jim Slattery, New York, 2 rounds, 1892.

Joe Godfrey, Philadelphia, 1 round, 1892.

Abe Congle, Chicago, 3 rounds, 1892.

William Collier, Anniston, Ala., 1 round, 1892.

Jem Hall, New Orleans, 4 rounds, 1893.

Jack Hickey, Newark, 3 rounds, 1893.

Fitzsimmons has fought for the largest sum of money ever in abeyance in a prize-fight. It was at New Orleans, La., March 8, 1893, when he defeated Jem Hall. The stakes amounted to £4,000, and the purse offered £8,000.

Without a question he is the greatest middle-weight pugilist that has ever graced the prize-ring. He possesses the height, reach, and strength of a heavy-weight, but his long, lanky build enables him to enter the ring at 11st in condition.

He is at present seeking a divorce from his wife, and until the case is practically settled he will be unable to engage in a fight. As soon as his freedom is assured he will be prepared to take on any man in the world with no barrier to weight.

JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR.

Arrested in Argentina — Londoners' Interest in the Capture.

(With Portrait.)

THE Londoners hailed with delight the news of the capture of Jabez Spencer Balfour at a villa in Salta, in the Province of Jujury, where he has lived quietly since May last. He is in his 51st year. He was born in London, his father, Mr. James Balfour, being a marine store-dealer in Chelsea, but much more widely known as a teetotaler and an advocate of temperance, not only in this country but in the Channel Islands, and among English navvies in France and the south of England; while his mother, Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, earned no small reputation both as a speaker and writer on intemperance and religion. It was their son's deep interest in these causes that, to a large extent, secured for him the confidence of the many thousands who were afterwards ruined by his schemes. He entered Parliament as a Radical, sitting first for Tamworth from 1880 to 1885, was subsequently unsuccessful at Croydon and Newington, was then returned unopposed for Burnley at a bye-election in 1889, and lastly, by a large majority, headed the poll for the same borough in 1892. He had in the meantime been elected as the first Mayor of the new borough of Croydon, and when he entered the House of Commons it was as the "champion director," having a seat on the boards of no fewer than thirteen companies.

Not in the present generation has there been a financial failure bringing in its train such profound and widespread misery as that of the Balfour Group. The shareholders and depositors were largely of the middle and lower middle-class, who had trusted the savings of a lifetime in these rotten societies. Thousands of these have been absolutely impoverished, and have applied for relief from the funds generously raised for the purpose. Of these 1,414 were women, 161 being married, 552 single, and the rest (601) widows. An analysis of the ages of these applicants for charity showed that 1,070 of them were under 60 years of age, 536 were between 60 and 70, 372 between 70 and 80, and 57 upwards of 80. The total loss of these victims for relief was £589,345; and these, it is to be remembered, represented only a twelfth of the total savings engulfed in the companies financed and managed by Jabez Spencer Balfour, ex-M.P. for Burnley. The Foreign Office will deserve all the compliments which may be bestowed upon it over this important capture. Lord Rosebery long ago in a Foreign Office despatch made the following personal reference to the fugitive:—"Jabez Spencer Balfour, late Member of Parliament, absconded, charged with fraud as director of public company, and obtaining money by false pretences. Sums charged in warrants, £20,000. . . . Age 50, looks 55. . . . Broad shoulders, very corpulent; hair dark, turning grey, parted centre, thin, top of head . . . nose short; face full; complexion florid . . . appearance of having weak legs . . . gentlemanly appearance."

The last communication received in England from Balfour was about a month ago. In this letter, which was forwarded to a near relative, he wrote fully on family and commercial matters, and expressed himself convinced of being able to evade arrest. This letter, like all others which he has written to his relatives from the first day of his landing in the Argentine Republic, was, the Press Association says, "characterised throughout by a strain of buoyant cheerfulness." The communications have been received regularly, no difficulty in the way of their prompt delivery taking place on the part of the postal authorities immediately after the arrival of the mails.

Mr. Ronald Bridgett, British Consul at Buenos Ayres, who alone arrested Balfour, is a tall, portly man of 50, more or less, active, energetic, and with a bluff, hearty manner of speaking. Mr. Bridgett has been British Consul at Buenos Ayres for some years, and has naturally had a very anxious and busy time all through the epoch of financial crisis in the Argentina. He was over in England a few months ago on a much-needed holiday.

Balfour's capturer is the brother of the Rev. Thomas Edward Bridgett, a well-known member of the Redemptorist Order formerly attached to Clapham, and now Rector at Teignmouth, in Devonshire. Father Bridgett was not bred a Roman Catholic, but "verted" during his college days at Cambridge. He has acquired considerable reputation alike as preacher and as polemical writer. In the former capacity he played an important part in the great ceremony of dedication at Brompton Oratory, on June 29 last year, whilst as a controversialist he is favourably known in Catholic circles by his "Lives of Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher," and his book, entitled "Blunders and Forgeries." Like his brother the Consul, Father Bridgett, is built on large lines. Jabez is very closely watched in the Salta prison, but he has demanded and has been accorded several privileges, including that of consulting with a lawyer. He has had several conferences with a barrister, the result of which was seen in an application to the Federal Court for the use of a writ of habeas corpus calling upon the governor of Salt gaol to bring the prisoner before the court and show cause why he should not be released. The Court allowed the writ to issue, and also gave instructions that the Ministry for Foreign Affairs should produce the evidence and correspondence relating thereto in his possession. Balfour is determined, should it be necessary, to carry the case to the Supreme Court.

DUVAL ATHLETIC CLUB OFFICERS.

Wealthy Young Sportsmen who Managed the Corbett-Mitchell Fight.

(With Portraits.)

THE Duval Athletic Club of Jacksonville, Florida, is composed of some of the best and wealthiest gentlemen in that city. They are progressive, and the five directors men who will not be balked in any plan or scheme they propose. Harry Mason, who is the president of the club, is worth 150,000 dols. J. B. T. Bowden, whose wealth is estimated at nearly 100,000 dols., is general manager. Mr. Bowden, in addition to being one of most enterprising and successful young men of the city, is a descendant of one of the most prominent families of South Carolina. His family stands high in the city of Jacksonville, and none are more popular, socially than they. Mr. Charles H. Smith, treasurer, one of the most successful of all the young business men of the city, is worth quite a snug fortune. Mr. Charles H. Richardson, secretary to the club, is a partner in business with Mr. Smith. Mr. B. F. Blake, transportation agent, is an old newspaper man, and is now in the railroad business. All of the directors are young men, none of them being over 40 years.

A SIGN WHICH BELIED ITSELF.

(Subject of Illustration.)

How often do you enter a restaurant where you will be forced to a half-hour's delay in getting served? It is frequently so trying that one will lose patience and at times leave in disgust just as your order is being brought to your table. Take for instance, a place where they profess to serve orders with promptitude, and it is the very establishment where you will be subjected to an unusual long delay. A man will seldom enter a restaurant until such times as he feels quite hungry. When you are very hungry any delay will increase hunger to such an extent that your appetite is lost and the meal is not appreciated. Do the waiters ever hesitate to hold out their hand for a tip? Well, I guess not, and if it is insufficient to satisfy them, the next time you enter the same place it is an even chance that the delay will be unusually long, your service deplorable, and if you could watch the wretch in a quiet corner, it is probable you would catch him spitting on your food or taking the meat and throwing on the floor, so you would innocently eat dirt. In a swell restaurant the other day, a customer was delayed fully an hour, and actually enjoyed a good sleep before his food was brought to him. Was it necessary that so much time should have been lost in preparing the order? Not so; he neglected to fee more than a penny on a previous visit, and the waiter took his time in ordering the meal cooked, and when cooked he served the meal cold, and what should have been cold was served warm. It was not known what ordeal the meat passed through, but it was off colour when the patron got it—decidedly so.

SAW MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

A Boston Man Seeks Release from his Wife.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A DIVORCE case is on the docket in the city of Boston, U.S.A., which gives promise of bringing to light some spicy things. The co-respondent is a prominent figure in society, and is prepared to pay any reasonable sum of money to have the matter hushed up. For some time past a travelling man has suspected his spouse of infidelity, but has never been able to secure sufficient evidence to warrant going to court. He recently bade his wife good-bye, and instead of starting on his journey he remained at business till late in the evening, when he got the assistance of a lineman from the Telegraph Company and climbed a telegraph pole till he had got on a level with the window of his apartments. He saw his wife embraced in the arms of the young society man, and getting his companion to witness what had transpired he promises spicy developments, which will doubtless set him free from his marital tie.

STAGE TALK.

LILLIAN RUSSELL, of the New York Casino Company, was married Jan. 21 to Signor Perugini, a tenor singer in the same company. This is the fourth time the fair Lillian has entered into matrimonial bonds. She appears as happy over the marriage as can be, and displays her feelings before the other members of the company.

Lillian is now said to be in her 34th year. She was born in Clinton, Ia., and her mother is Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, the woman's rights advocate. Miss Russell began her stage career when she was 16 years old as a concert hall singer. Her first marriage was with a man residing near Boston, and her wedded life lasted but three weeks. Her second husband was Harry Braham, a musical director. They lived together for some time in Boston, and then quarrelled and separated. She afterwards became enamoured of Teddy Solomon, the composer of "Billee Taylor" and other operas in which she appeared, and one day she suddenly gave up her engagement at the Casino and sailed away to Europe with Solomon on a wedding trip.

She has a daughter now eight years old, the result of the marriage with Solomon. A short time ago Miss Russell had her marriage with Solomon annulled on the ground that he had another wife living, and that he had forgotten to go through the formality of a divorce. Miss Russell lives in a handsomely-furnished house with her mother and daughter. New York city is where the marriage ceremony was performed. Signor Perugini is 39 years of age. His real name is John Chatterton. This will set at rest all the talk about her prospective marriage to Sandow, the strong man, and which has been exploited from time to time.

* * *

THE Trafalgar Theatre has shown itself singularly enterprising and up to date by its importation, "direct from Paris," of Nini-Patte-en-l'Air and three of her pupils in their "quadrilles excentriques," as the programe of the Casino de Paris describes what is more generally known as the can-can, and more correctly denominated the chahut. The chahut is the successor, one might almost say the renaissance, of the can-can. Roughly speaking, the can-can died with the Bal Mabille, the chahut was born with the Jardin de Paris. The effervescent Bal Bullier of the Quartier Latin, in its change from the Closerie des Lilas of the days of Murger, may be said to have kept the tradition of the thing, and, with the joyous and delapidated Moulin de la Galette of the heights of Montmartre, to have led the way to the establishment of the present school of dancing. But it was at the Jardin de Paris, about the year 1884, that the chahut, or quadrille naturaliste, made its appearance, and, with La Goulue and Grille d'Egout, afterwards reinforced by Nini-Patte-en-l'Air, came to stay.

The Dance in Paris

is much "louder" than the way it is conducted here, but then, the Parisians like anything improper.

* * *

THE *Petit Parisien* gives details of a new piece, entitled "A Parliamentary Day," which M. Barrès intends to produce at the Comédie Parisienne. It is a strong satire, in which the author introduces the Panama scandals and the case of the forged docu-

ments. The identity of certain personages is barely disguised. The principal character represents an ex-Minister, who has been in conflict with the law. The journal remarks that, whether the performance is authorised or prohibited, it will provoke lively polemics.

* * *

SOME of the music hall artists have a high old time "stringing" along brainless chaps who become infatuated with them. It suits them all right in the playhouse to toy with such specimens of humanity, but to have one of them

Stop a Singer on the Street.

and hold his hat in his hand during the conversation on these cold days is rather more than most artists can tolerate.

* * *

IT appears to be the height of the ambition of some of our performers to appear before the Royal family. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has attended the performance of "Little Christopher Columbus" on more than one occasion, and it is said the Queen takes quite an interest in theatrical performances. It will be now in order for some weight-lifter or acrobat to cater for

An Appearance before the Royal Family.

* * *

AN English version of an American burlesque, called "The Merry Monarch," which has been very successful in the United States, will be the first production at the Shaftesbury Theatre under the new management.

* * *

IT is the fashion to suppose that a case of affiliation or breach of promise is juridically impossible in France. The case of Fériel *v.* Trousselle gives a blow to this idea. Mdlle. Fériel, whose name off the stage was Marie Ange Feugère, began her dramatic career in Parisian salons. Here she met an admirer in the person of Mr. Roger Trousselle, the son of a rich Paris notary. The idyll soon passed through the

Nosegay and Love-Letter

stage, and as the young lady was what the French call "serious," M. Trousselle only overcame the scruples of Mdme. Feugère and her daughter by a religious, but by no means legal, marriage in Switzerland. In due course a child was born. Under the influence of his family M. Roger Trousselle now disappeared, and is said to be in the Caucasus. Seeing that Mdlle. Fériel is highly respectable, that she abandoned a lucrative engagement at the Vaudeville, Paris, and that the promise of marriage is amply proved, something very much like an English action is going on before the Paris Civil Tribunal for an annual pension of 18,000f. or 20,000f. down.

IN their choice of a piece to succeed "A Woman's Revenge" at the Adelphi, Messrs. Gatti have for a few weeks past hesitated between "A Finger of Fate," by a new author, and a romantic play by Mr. Haddon Chambers. They have, however, put into rehearsal a piece by Mr. Sutton Vane, called "A Cotton Lord."

* * *

MADAME MARIE ROZE is on a farewell tour of the provinces, accompanied by her son Raymond, who has been trained at the Brussels Conservatoire, and gives promise of a successful musical career. It is nearly a quarter of a century since Madame Roze made her first appearance in England at Drury Lane, under the auspices of Colonel Mapleson, and in addition to singing operas in three languages, Italian, French, and English, she has also taken part in oratorio performances, and various kinds of concerts.

SEEN AND HEARD.

LORD ROSSLYN, after winning a large sum of money at the gambling tables at Monte Carlo, was robbed of 14,000f in the billiard room of the Hotel Metropole January 20. The police think they have a clue to the thief.

* * *

A CURIOUS marriage took place at Verviers recently, when a lady of the name of Elisabeth Kunneich, without arms, was married to her impresario, an Austrian. The lady signed the register with a steady foot, and the wedding-ring was placed by the priest on her fourth toe.

* * *

MR. EDWARD SOLOMON, the young composer, who is as lucky as he is melodious, and famous for his "Billee Taylor" and "The Vicar of Bray," makes thirty-nine pounds a day by his work.

* * *

ACCORDING to a telegram from St. Joseph Missouri, another audacious train robbery has been perpetrated near that city by five men, who are believed to be the same who stopped a train several weeks ago. They were again successful at midnight in stopping a train, and escaped with the entire contents of the express safe. The authorities have no clue.

* * *

THIRTY competitors started from Berlin January 21 on a long-distance walk of 48½ kilometres (30 miles), the destination being Friedrichsberg. In spite of unfavourable weather and soft roads, twenty-two of the competitors completed the course, the first to arrive being a well-known vegetarian named Bruhn, who covered the distance in 5hrs 16min 50sec. The last man's time was 7hrs 16min.

* * *

A STRANGE affair is reported from Oldcastle, county Cavan. A farmer's son, named Garrigan, twenty-two, after a week's illness, apparently expired, and the usual preparations were made for the burial. On the night prior to the funeral a number of friends assembled to "wake" the corpse. In the midst of the proceedings the supposed dead man began to shiver and show signs of returning to life. This caused panic among the assembled mourners, many of whom fled from the house.

* * *

AT the Carmarthen Assizes, Carmarthen, before Mr. Justice Kennedy, George Thomas, aged twenty-five, an artilleryman, who passed into the reserve in August last, was found guilty of the murder, near Carmarthen, on the night of November 19, of Mary Jane Jones, a girl about sixteen years old. The circumstances of the crime were particularly cold-blooded. The prisoner waylaid the young girl on her way home and cut her throat with a razor. He afterwards gave as the motive for his crime the fact that she would not keep his company. The defence was insanity. The judge passed sentence of death.

* * *

YORKSHIRE possesses in the Rev. J. Dalton, of Hickleton, a vicar who is such an enthusiast in the matter of gymnastics, that he tutors the young men of his parish in manly exercises, and does not exclude the use of boxing-gloves. Addressing a meeting the other evening at Mexbro' he informed his hearers that he had worn a pair on the previous evening, and was not ashamed of it; and added that if any gentleman present questioned his skill in this branch of the manly heart, he was willing to have a few rounds with that doubting Thomas.

* * *

A YOUNG woman named De Regibus and a man called Bertonaschi have been arrested at Nice on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Mr. George M. Allender, who was found dead near Monte Carlo. Bertonaschi's appearance corresponds with that of a man who is suspected of being the author of outrages committed in Nice last season. At prisoners' lodgings the police found 1,000f, for which they could not account. A pair of trousers stained with blood and a knuckleduster with some fair hair adhering to it were also discovered.

* * *

ONE of the strangest superstitions of Chinamen is the awe with which they regard the cockroach. John holds the ugly black pest as something sacred, claiming that it is especially favoured by the gods, and a particular favourite of the great joss. The most unfortunate mishap that can befall a Chinaman is to step on a cockroach. Instantly visions of terrible disasters and calamities arise before him. In some instances the superstition has been known to prey so on the minds of the Celestials as to drive them insane. As a result of this state of affairs Chinatown is overrun with cockroaches, and a Chinaman would as soon think of killing himself as of killing one of them.

* * *

A CHICAGO man whose business takes him to Arizona two or three times a year was relating a few choice experiences in that new country to a group of friends last evening.

"When I first went there," he said, "I was always willing to engage in a fight, as I had a sneaking ambition to be a sort of a Wild Bill. I used to go into saloons and announce that I would shoot any man who refused to drink with me. Somehow they never refused, and I found it mighty hard work to get up a row. But when I am anxious for a scrimmage now I have no difficulty in getting it."

"What do you do?"

"I go into a saloon and try to drink alone."

* * *

IN Edgefield county, South Carolina, sometime ago two negroes became involved in a torchlight procession with deadly weapons, and at the conclusion of the entertainment one of the combatants had taken his departure from this wicked world. A trial justice was called upon to hold an inquest. While making an examination of the body it was discovered that the deceased had a pistol in his hip pocket. When the acting coroner espied the pistol he at once stopped the proceedings and announced that he could not conclude the inquest until the negro had been tried for carrying concealed weapons. No further evidence was necessary, and the coroner fined the deceased 50 dols., after which the inquest was continued to a finish. The most difficult problem connected with the case was the manner in which the fine should be collected from the dead man.

RAISED A FAMILY OF DESPERADOES.

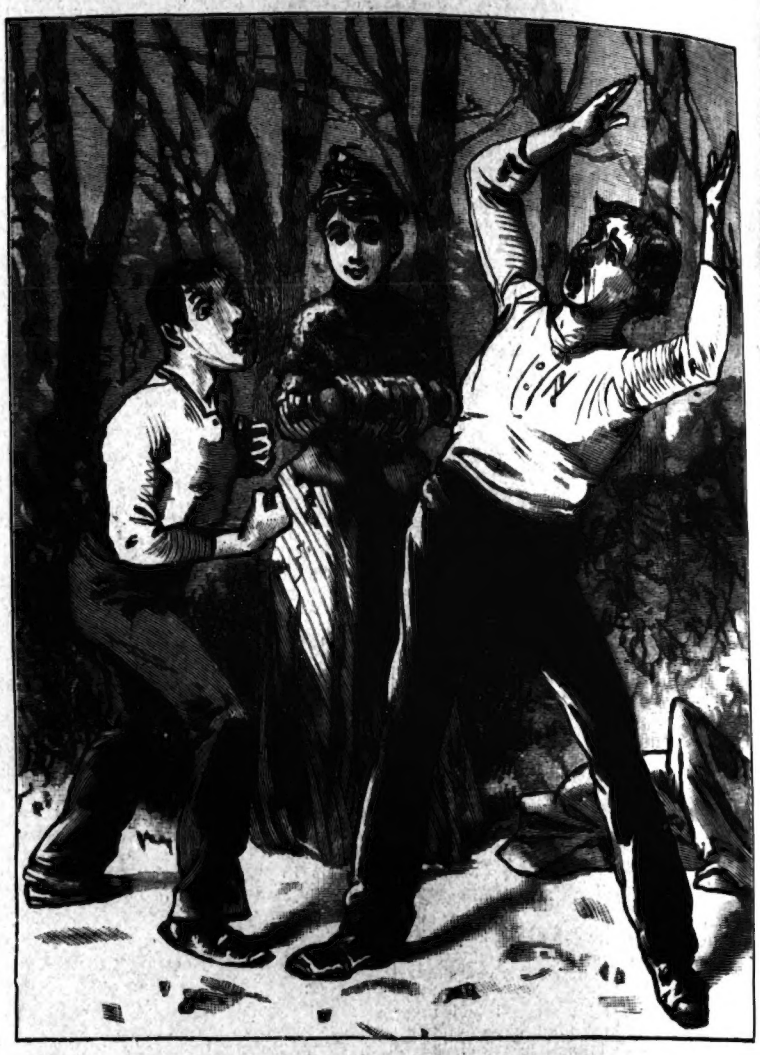
MRS. ELIZA SHIRLEY died at Dallas, Texas, U.S.A., recently in the seventy-third year of her age. A native of Louisville, Ky., she married John Shirley in 1836, and they settled at Carthage, Mo., where six children, four boys and two girls, were born to them. All of these children, except the oldest and youngest, turned desperadoes and died with their boots on. The most noted and the last to die in this manner was Belle Starr.

The Shirley family removed from Missouri to Dallas county in 1866, and shortly after their arrival Belle, at the age of sixteen, eloped with the bandit Jim Reed, who the following year was killed in a fight with the officers near Paris. A few months after this the widow laid aside her weeds and married another bandit, Sam Starr. But the honeymoon was scarcely over when Sam was slain at a dance in the Choctaw Nation. After this event Belle was much with John Starr, a brother to her late husband. Late one evening in 1891 Belle took a horseback ride near Eufaula, I.T. As she rode along alone, contemplating the gorgeous fall sunset, a whiff of smoke issued from the branches of a cedar tree. The crack of a rifle followed, and Belle, trembling a moment in her saddle, fell to the ground dead. Nobody knows who fired the fatal shot.

Ed. Shirley, a noted horse thief, was shot off his horse near Dallas in 1868. Manfred, another brother, was killed in a fight with the officers in the Indian Territory a year later. Allison was killed in south-western Missouri during the war. Mrs. Shirley has for several years lived upon the charity of the Methodist Church, of which she was a member. She was regarded as a pattern of piety.

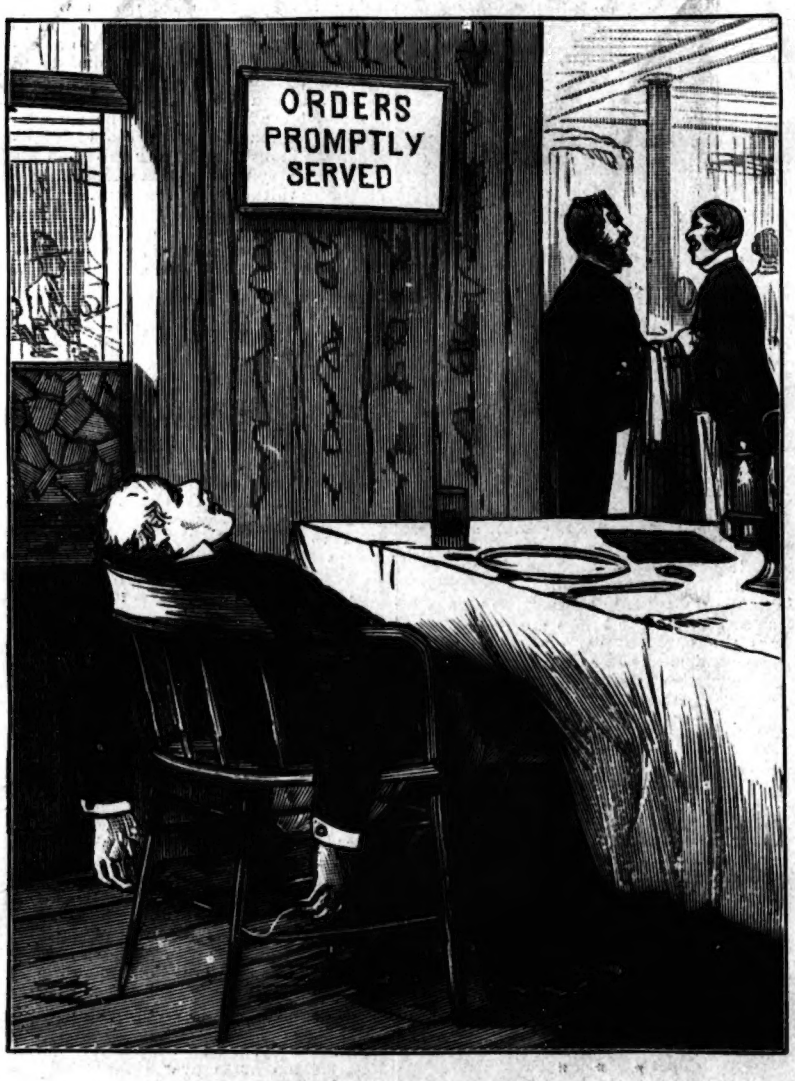
A "MUG" BORN EVERY MINUTE.

He met such a Nice Girl, and it Cost him all his Money.



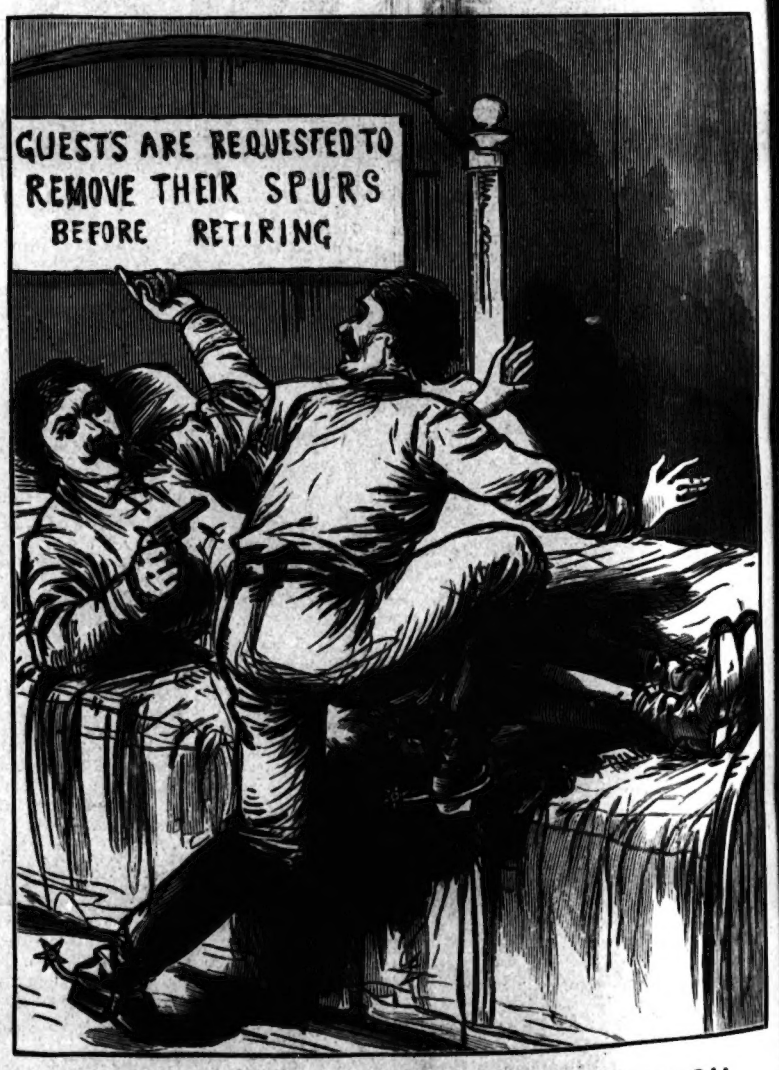
BALDWIN WON THE GIRL.

She was Bound to Get Married, and took the Best Man.



PROMPT SERVICE.

A Sign which Belied Itself.

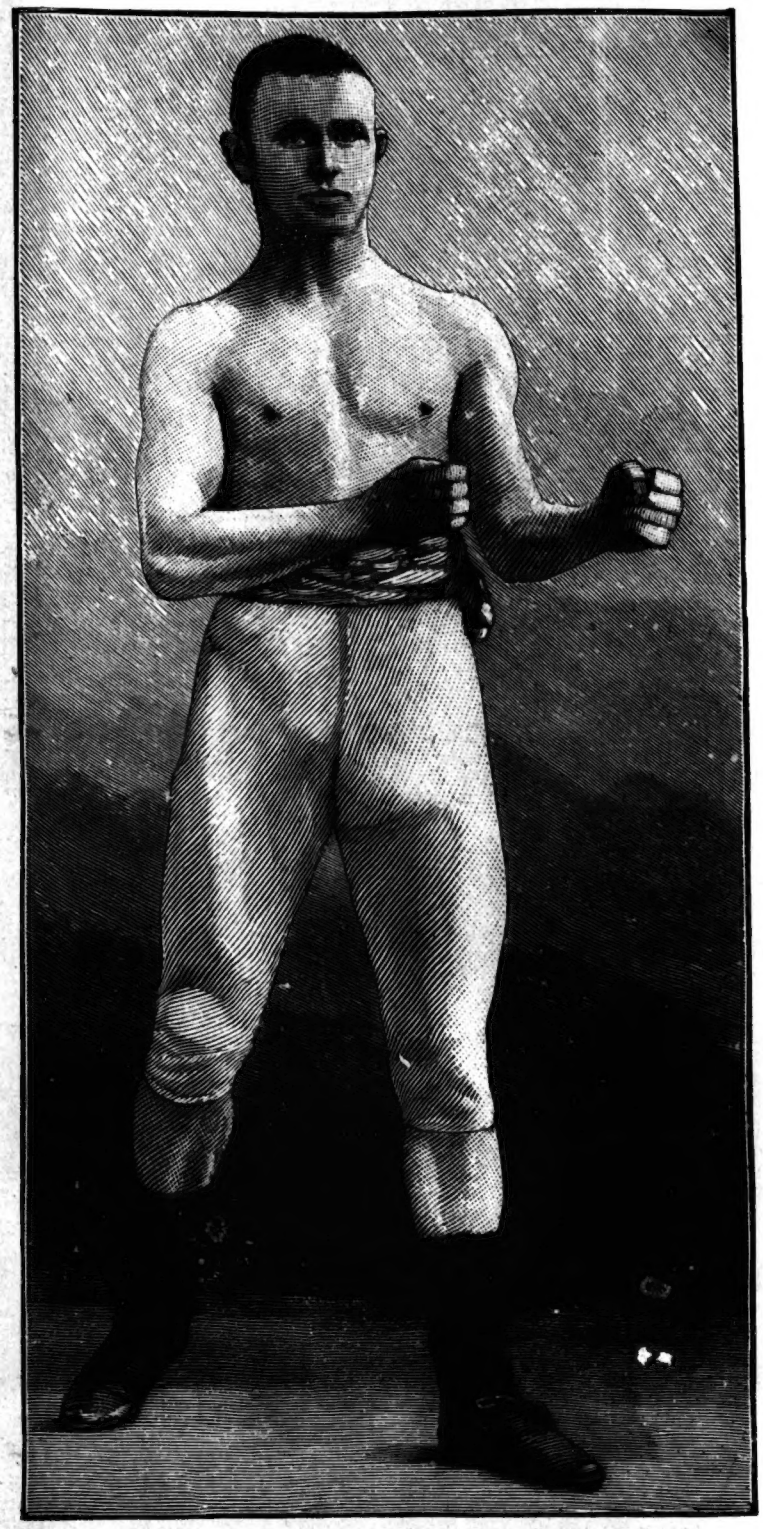


SPURS BARRED AT DREAM GULCH.

Hotel Rules which some of the Guests insist on Enforcing.

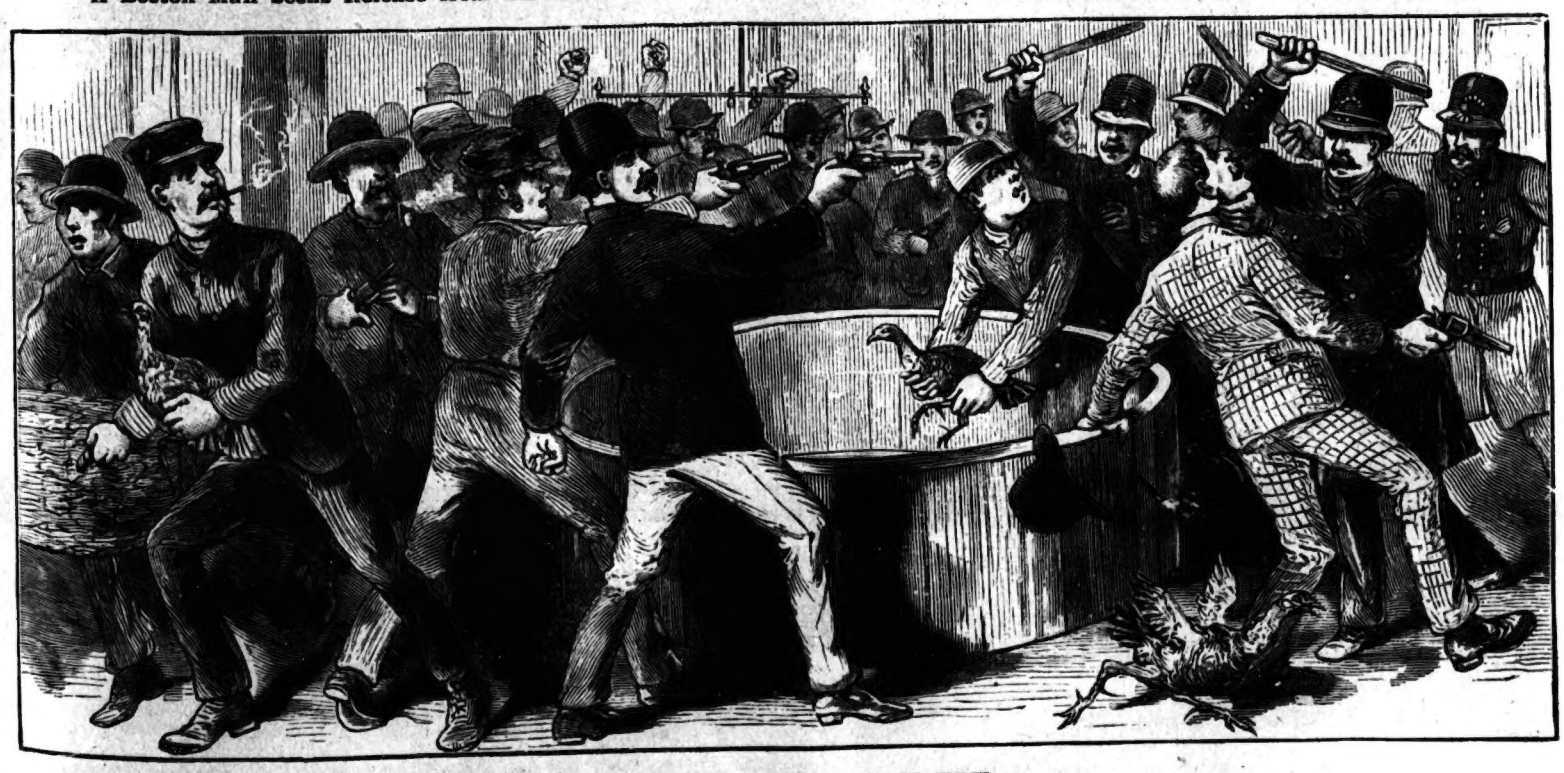
SAW MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

A Boston Man Seeks Release from his Wife.



DICK BURGE, OF NEWCASTLE.

Popular Light-Weight, who is Open to the World.



A RAID ON A COCK-PIT.

Hens Substituted for Roosters let Cock-fighters off Easy.

HONEST SPORTS.

Beaumont in Australia.

He Lowers a Record.

Stays Under Water 4min. 35sec.

English Horseflesh superior to American.

Mr. Morte fined at Sheffield.

Our Australian correspondent, writing under date of December 19, 1893, from Melbourne, says:—The proposed match in the Saltwater River, between Professor Beaumont and Mr. Huxtable, having fallen through, and the latter having forfeited his deposit, the professor on Saturday night determined to try and beat his own previous record for staying under water at the bottom of the tank.

This he succeeded in doing effectually, as will be seen by the certificate attached hereto, and the names to which are a sufficient guarantee of the perfect genuineness of the feat. The following is the certificate alluded to:—

Alhambra Palace of Varieties.

We, the undersigned, wish to testify to the fact that Professor Walter Beaumont remained under water, in a tank on the stage of the Alhambra, in full view of the audience on Saturday night, December 16, 1893, for 4 minutes and 35 seconds, and rose to the surface without assistance:—

Henry O'Hara, F.R.C.S.I., Collins Street, Melbourne.
Frank M. Clark, Proprietor Alahambra Co., Opera House.
Edward Simpson, Business Manager, Alhambra Co.
William Maher, Victorian Club, Bourke Street.
John S. Warne, Swanston Street.
Chas. Bovis, 21, Princess Street, Melbourne.

December 18, 1893.

Finney's record is, 4 minutes 29¼ seconds, Canterbury Music Hall, London, April 7, 1886.

* * *

Mr. Horace Theobald, Secretary of the Tattersalls' Company in America, has seen a great deal of racing, both in America and in Europe. When asked in what respect the English thoroughbred differed from his American prototype, he recently said:—"English horses have much more quality, in my opinion. They have more bone, and all the best horses have equal or superior substance to the best of the American thoroughbreds. They have more rein, and greater length underneath. I think that Salvator approached the English type more closely than anything bred in America in the last decade. Ormonde is my ideal of what a stallion should be. There is much difference between a racehorse and the stallion, and it does not necessarily follow that a successful racehorse will make a successful stallion. Ormonde, with his great speed, bone, and quality, cannot help succeeding in the stud. Minting is a shining example of a successful stock horse. Many good racehorses have plenty of deficiencies which they are bound to reproduce in the stud. A horse intended for breeding purposes should be as nearly perfect as possible. Above everything, his action should be good. I think of the American sires Iroquois shows more quality than any other stallion now in the stud in this country. Referring to action, we English went wild over Parole, the great gelding with which Mr. Lorillard won the City and Suburban in 1879. They thought his action was the finest they had ever seen. It is action that makes the 14-hand pony pack weight and run almost as fast for half a mile as some of the top-sawyers."

* * *

George H. Morte, proprietor of Sheaf House Hotel and Running Grounds, appeared at the City Police Court before Alderman Langley and Mr. B. Fletcher, at Sheffield, in answer to a summons that he allowed tossing to take place on the grounds on December 13, when a football match was being played. Inspector Walsh and Police-constable Fisher said that there was tossing going on, and informed Mr. Morte, who was busy in the house. Mr. Ashington, who appeared for Mr. Morte, said that he had been a publican for twelve years and had never been summoned. On the day mentioned, Mr. Morte was short-handed in the house, which was full of people, and he thought he ought to look after the house rather than the grounds, also, that when the matter was brought to his notice he did all he could to prevent the tossing. The Bench were inclined to take a very lenient view of the case, and fined Mr. Morte two guineas, including costs, the licence not to be endorsed.

* * *

Adrian Smythe, photographer, 34, High Street, Putney, makes a speciality of photographing all the prominent scullers, pugilists, and athletes. The list as made up contains Thomas Sullivan, champion sculler; George Bubear, W. Haines, and "Wag" Harding, scullers; Stanton Abbott, Harry Spurden, Austin Gibbons, Harry Nickless, Jem Verrall, and W. Reader, pugilists.

* * *

The last of the matches preliminary to the International Pigeon Shooting Contests took place at Monte Carlo, January 24. For the Prix Chateaubriand, value 1,000 francs, added in a sweepstakes of 50 francs each, there were 74 competitors. Mr. Kennedy and M. Marcoucini, who each grassed 13 birds in as many shots, tied for the first place, and divided the first and second prizes, amounting to 3,775 francs. M. Verdavaine, who killed 12 birds in 13 shots, carried off the third prize of 740 francs. In an additional sweepstake, in which 35 competitors took part, 700 francs were divided between Mr. Kennedy, Baron de Dordolot, and four others.

* * *

William Lloyd, Champion at Rapid Shaving, was presented by his friends with a gold medal in London, January 24. He acknowledged the honour conferred on him in a few well-chosen words, and said that he was always ready to defend his title. He is rehearsing for an engagement on the stage, and will shortly appear in a sketch which is of the Sweeney Todd order. The champion will go to the United States when he has finished his engagements.

MR. ELKAN SIMONS.

Prominent Birmingham Sportsman.

(With Portrait.)

Mr. Elkan Simons, the cigar merchant of Birmingham, was born in London in 1849, living in the great metropolis eighteen years, when he emigrated to the United States. He developed an interest in sporting matters whilst there, and promoted several exhibitions, officiating as master of ceremonies. Fire destroyed his business in the States, and he returned home, after an absence of five years, settling down in Birmingham. He has at all times taken a deep interest in sporting matters, but does not permit it to interfere with his business. Mr. Simons is a thorough sportsman, and always lends a hand to advancing any branch which is honestly conducted. He has quite a record as a life saver, and appreciates rather than fears danger, being president of the Loyal Humane Society. Mr. Simons has a host of friends, and in the Midlands he is regarded as an authority on sporting.

SHE THREW HIM OUT.

An Eavesdropper is shown his Business by a Young Lady of Muscle.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A waiter at times will prove himself to be one of the most despicable creatures ever created. His insolent ways, coupled with the means he will resort to for a fee, and his desire to listen to any conversation which might be indulged in by customers in hopes of learning something which he can turn at a future time to a profit, make his presence almost unbearable. Not a great distance from Charing Cross there is a café where the swells take the fair sex to dine. The other evening a couple called in the café to partake of a late dinner after attending the theatre. They got into a corner behind a door, where they could enjoy themselves without being disturbed by other patrons. After the meal the the waiter was informed that his services could be dispensed with till they were prepared to depart. He made no reply, but kept close up behind the young lady's chair. A second request was of no avail, and the young lady, losing her patience, arose from the table, tore off the tails of the waiter's coat in the struggle, but managed to get a tight grip on the seat of the trousers and collar, and threw him out of the room in a way which would have done justice to any athletic young man. Her sap-headed companion made no effort to render her any assistance lest he might soil his hands—so he claimed.

SPURS BARRED AT DREAM GULCH.

Hotel Rules which Some of the Guests Insist on Enforcing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

At the Dream Gulch hostelry guests are not always provided with a room to themselves, and are forced to double up with any man that happens along. One of the rules of the hotel compels guests to remove their spurs before retiring for the night. The same rule prevails at all the hotels in the Western portion of the United States, but it is not always enforced. A visitor was recently treated to a surprise at the Dream Gulch hotel when he attempted to retire, spurs and boots on. His companion, however, levelled his revolver at the new comer, and pointing to the rules of the house, forced him to remove the spurs.

BUBEAR v. HARDING.

To Row on the Thames, February 5.

(With Portraits.)

The sculling race between George Bubear and Charles R. ("Wag") Harding will occur over the Thames Championship Course on Monday, February 5. It will decide who is the best English sculler, and as both men are getting into first-class condition an interesting race may be expected. Harding, who won the Searle Memorial regatta, scales in condition but 9st 5lb, whilst Bubear, who is an older hand at the "game," will enter his boat at 10st 10lb.

FEMALES KNUCKLE-FIGHTING.

How East-Enders Settled their Differences.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Take the lower class of American women and they settle their grievances by a tirade of abuse heaped upon each other, the one having the vilest tongue coming out victorious. Not so with the lower class of English women; they do very little talking but resort to solid punching. They will often attempt to whip a man in the same style, but women punching women are common occurrencies in the East End of London. In one encounter recently the women fought in a fashion which would have made many of the scientific pugilists turn pale with envy. It occurred in a room, and after some severe face punching, with no limit to the time of the round, one of the women got a right-hander which took all the fight out of her and brought a wail of distress which beggars description.

SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

How a Man Makes a Telescope a Profitable Piece of Property.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"There is a certain young lady who resides in an apartment house in the North West portion of London, who possesses a perfect form and is not ashamed to have people admire her," says a correspondent. "Pass through the street at seven o'clock most any evening and you will notice a telescope and men always about it in waiting. Curiosity led me to the instrument the other evening, and glancing up on the opposite side, I saw in the window of an upper story a young lady standing before a mirror attiring herself. One man was looking through the glass, for which privilege he had paid a penny, and directed the custodian to change the focus a trifle. The custodian was requesting the chap to make haste, because an elderly gentleman of clerical appearance desired to squander a penny, too. Comments were numerous and those who utilised the instrument delighted with the performance, which they believed to be an accidental one; but it may be said that the young lady is well aware of what is going on, and feels proud of the fact that she is being admired to such an extent by so many different people."

PLAYED FOR BIG STAKES.

Samuel I. Silverman and Dick Sherwood each owned a half interest in a valuable gold claim in Okanogan county. They decided Saturday that there wasn't room for two in its management, and hit upon a true Western expedient for settling their business difficulties. But they didn't call for pistols for two, with coffee for one, or go out on the open greensward behind the hotel, and fight with bowie knives. There was a quicker way than that, and it was safer. Sherwood and Silverman called for a dice box and the regulation number of dice.

"How shall it be?" asked Silverman, with a name-your-weapon expression on his face.

"Three shakes, horses," Sherwood replied, and as every one knew what that meant there were no other preliminaries.

Both men were as calm and collected as if an immense fortune had not been at stake. Silverman shook first. He got two pairs, fours and treys, in three series of hopes and fears. Sherwood was sure he could beat that, and he did, with three aces the first rattle of the box.

"Follow your hand," said Silverman, still unmoved. Sherwood shook, and so did Silverman. The latter won. That made it "horse and horse."

Silverman rattled the bones long, but gently, with a short, circular motion suggestive of deep thought. Then two pairs rolled out, fours and treys. He tried to "fill," and failed once. Again he attempted the same feat. Then with a glad smile he laid the box aside. The lucky bone had come a four.

Sherwood was not so confident after that, but he bore up heroically. In one shake he had a pair of aces. In another there were three aces. He puffed a breath into the box gently, and rolled out another. Then Manager S. T. Arthur, who had been a silent witness, supported a man on each arm, and a trip was made to the refreshment room.

The claim will be called the Monte Carlo by its owner, Mr. Sherwood. It was bonded some time ago by a payment of 1,000dols., but the bond lapsed. Mining men regard it as a good prospect, as the country within a circle of a few miles contains thousands of ounces of the precious yellow metal.

TURNED THE HOSE ON THEM.

A twenty-round glove contest, which gave better satisfaction than any ever held in Livingston, Montana, U.S.A., took place recently. Before the contest it leaked out that it was to be a rank fake, and arrangements were made to give it a fitting reception.

Time was called shorly after 10 o'clock, and as soon as the principals entered the ring a section of the city hose was coupled on to a hydrant near by. When a third round was called everything was in readiness, and while the principals were engaged in carrying out the rankest of fakes a rush was made for the front window, the nozzle was thrust through the glass, and the full force of the water was turned into the ring.

The first shot struck Kid Hanson, one of the combatants, in the small of the back, resulting in a knockout blow. Both principals rushed from the ring, and the water was turned on the spectators, few escaping without a drenching.

The men who had superintended the affair then rushed into the hall, and while every one was shouting and laughing over the matter some one turned the water on again and many who had taken part in the first affair were thoroughly saturated. This will probably put a quietus on fake fights in Livingston.

HAIL AS IS HAIL.

A correspondent writes from New Ulm, Texas, that the town has been visited by one of the most destructive hailstorms ever known in that section. The storm came from the west, with very light wind, and the first hailstone fell nearly straight and bounced ten feet in the air. Then a light wind sprung up, the hail grew thicker, and rain fell in sheets. "As large as hens' eggs" won't do; they were larger than that. Great chunks of ice large as teacups, the largest being rough and jagged, and made out of several smaller stones frozen together. The ground was covered three or four inches thick, and where the hailstones were obstructed heaps two and three feet thick collected. Every window on the west side of town is broken, except where protected by blinds, and these blinds are riddled. The tin roof of L. R. Fink's dry goods store was beaten full of holes and the store flooded. One piece of tin about 2 by 4 had twenty-seven holes in it. Emil Koch, while trying to hold his team, was badly peppered by hail, bruised all over, and his head covered with little bumps. Great damage was done to fruit trees, &c., and in many cases young trees recently set out were beaten to splinters.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

All the men about San Francisco who play cards are talking about two remarkable hands held a few evenings ago at the Pacific-Union Club, and the doctrine of chances is being calculated to ascertain how soon such a coincidence might be expected to happen again. The general belief is that no such hands were ever held simultaneously before since poker was first played, and that no one now living will ever see them so held again.

For the benefit of the truly good it may be stated that a royal flush is the highest hand in poker. It consists of a sequence of ace, king, queen, knave, and ten in any one suit. As may be supposed, the appearances of this hand are like the visits of the angels, and not much more frequent than dentition in hens. Considerable poker is played at the Pacific-Union, but a royal flush had not been seen in months until the occurrence of the other night.

There are four tables in a row in the poker room at the club. Four men were sitting at each of the two middle tables. At identically the same time one of the players at each of the two tables held a royal flush in diamonds. And as if this coincidence were not sufficiently unusual, each of the lucky two got his hand in exactly the same way, getting the ace, king, queen, and knave on the deal, and the ten spot on the draw.

One only won 35dols. on his hand, but the winning of the other was so big that he has kept the exact amount to himself, so as not to excite remark.

Bobby: "Aunt Nellie, what became of the swine that had evil spirits cast into them in the Bible?"

Aunt Nellie: "They plunged head foremost into the sea, Bobby."

Bobby (triumphantly): "Not a bit of it, auntie. They were made into devilled ham."

"PRETTY TOM KING"

The Female Horse Thief and Jail Breaker—only Murders when Hard Pressed.

THE recent escape of the notorious female horse thief, "Tom" King, from the El Reno jail in broad daylight, has revived many of the wonderful stories so well known throughout the romantic territory of Oklahama. Many of the exciting events in her life will probably never be known unless she reveals them herself, because in nearly every instance where she has been pursued death to the pursuer has been the result.

It is not believed that "Tom" King is altogether a white woman. She was born and reared in the seclusion of the Ozark Mountains in South-west Missouri, remote from civilisation or the influences of society, schools, or churches. Her parents were not considered lawless, although old Tom King, it was believed, operated a small still and peddled contraband whisky among the settlers who at an early day inhabited the Ozarks of Missouri. "Tom" was a daring girl from early childhood, and would go on long hunting expeditions alone. She was known for miles around, and the early pioneers would spill their blood for her on the slightest provocation. It is said that before she was fourteen she eloped with a lover of doubtful reputation, and who afterwards proved to be a notorious horse thief who had been wanted for years by the Federal authorities in the Indian Territory. She followed her desperado lover in many of his exploits, and one night, while camped in a grove of trees on the South Canadian and surrounded by a posse of deputy United States marshals, she stood by the side of her outlaw husband and handled a Winchester as dextrously as a brave trooper. When her husband fell, pierced by a bullet, she mounted her steed and escaped to the Wichita Mountains, where she has been a hunted woman ever since, with a big price on her head.

She is a woman of more than medium height, weighs perhaps 140lb, is of rather prepossessing appearance, and when attired in the habiliments of her sex is an ordinary, good-looking woman, and, with the good clothes she has secreted in her rendezvous, she has been enabled to elude her pursuers on more than one occasion. Fearless as a Comanche, a dead shot, a skilled rider, and with remarkable physical endurance, she is not constantly annoyed by deputies.

The story is told of her that at Paul's Valley last summer a ball was in progress at the hotel where she was stopping, and she was invited to dance by the gentleman who knows Fort Smith when he sees it. During his terpsichorean amusement he confided to his partner that he was an officer in search of the notorious "Tom" King, who, it was believed, was in hiding in that section. She imparted the information to the sleuthhound that if he would meet her in the yard at one o'clock she would give him news of the great horse thief. At the appointed hour the deputy strolled out into the yard. There he met his partner of the ball-room, mounted on his own horse, and, after politely requesting him to hand over his weapons, she galloped away.

At one other time she was negotiating for a large livery and feed stable in Sapulpa, in the Cherokee Nation. She represented herself to be a wealthy ranchman from Texas, and was rigged out in high-heeled boots, ponderous spurs, and the regulation sombrero. In the negotiation the owner revealed the fact that he had some very fine animals on a ranch not far away, attended by a Creek negro. That night she went to the ranch, stole the horses and ran them off. She returned to Sapulpa in a few days as a handsome woman, dressed flashily, and solicited subscriptions for a book-publishing house. In some way she put the officers on a false scent, and the horses were never re-captured.

Three years ago, during the fight that was waged in the Cherokee nation between the factions of that tribe in the election of a chief, and which was later carried into the council, she appeared as one of the prominent workers of the Hays faction, and lobbied in the interest of her friends. She was the brains of the fight, and in every transaction where cunning and trickery were necessary she was consulted in every detail. She rode out of the Cherokee capital one day on a stolen horse. She does not steal horses for the revenue that it brings her. It is a mania.

An old Indian trader who lives near Fort Sill says that "Tom" gives her stolen horses, after riding them pretty hard for a few weeks, to the poor settlers in the Panhandle, and to this is attributed her success in evading the officers in that region. All the settlers, men and women, are her friends, who would endure any sacrifice to protect her.

She is not a woman of refinement or culture by any means, but her experience has brought her a great deal of worldly knowledge and cunning.

When she was arrested and confined in the El Reno jail recently, and from which she made one of her sensational escapes, she was robed in the apparel of her sex, and rode a lady's saddle when brought into town. She protested her innocence to all her visitors, and said that she was guiltless of any wrongdoing. She was in a flood of tears all the time and refused to eat and could not be comforted. She carried herself with such womanly modesty and adroitness towards the jailor that the fellow became smitten by her charms, and her liberty was in sight. One night, while a storm was raging, two horses were brought to the rear of the jail, and in a few minutes "Tom" and her smitten guard were astride the horses and away in the storm. In three days the poor fellow was abandoned, and one of the bloodhounds put on their trail was afterwards found dead with a note fastened to one ear by a hairpin, giving warning of the same fate of those who dared to pursue.

The poor fellow who succumbed to her wiles is half dead from remorse, while "Tom" is in seclusion.

She commits murder only in defence of her liberty, and has been known to shoot an officer only when hard pressed.

There are many rewards for her capture.

BALDWIN WON THE GIRL.

She was Bound to get Married and took the Best Man.

(Subject of Illustration.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Fort Worth, Indiana, U.S.A., under date of January 20, says:—"A young man by the name of Aken lives in this country, near Van Alstyne. Miss Fannie England is the name of a handsome young lady who lives in the same community. John Baldwin is the name of another young man who lives not far from Aken. The two young men have been suitors for the hand of the young lady, and until late yesterday afternoon Aken had every reason to believe that the girl, hand and all, would soon belong to him. Any way, yesterday morning Aken procured a marriage licence, and he and the young lady were to be married yesterday evening at seven o'clock, and doubtless would have been man and wife at this time had it not been for the rival suitor, Baldwin.

About noon yesterday Baldwin heard of the intended marriage. He went to the home of Miss England, and asked her if it was true that she was going to mary Aken. She said yes; and then Baldwin asked her if she would come to Sherman and marry him (Baldwin). The young lady said she would, when Baldwin went to the telegraph office and wired the County Clerk to meet him at the Court House last night. Baldwin afterward returned for the young lady. He met Aken and the trio, adjourned to the woods and fought for the girl. Aken was unable to cope with his opponent, who made him throw up his hands. Baldwin then returned to the young lady's house with his future wife, but the parents of the young lady objected very forcibly. Baldwin, however, succeeded in carrying the young lady to the depot, where they took the train for this city, and were married late last night by a minister of this city. The young lady played one against the other rather than a chance of disappointment, contrary to the wishes of her parents, who swear vengeance on the newly-married couple."

A RAID ON A COCK-PIT.

Hens Substituted for Roosters let Cock-fighters off Easy.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Now that the cock-fighting season is well under way, writes a correspondent, "the rivalry between Rhode Island and Connecticut is as fierce as it was last year. A main was fought just outside of Providence the other night, and at least 5,000 dols. was pending on the result. Only three battles were fought out of the eleven to decide the mitch, when the police made a descent on the pit. Some of the spectators pulled guns, but none went off. Others scattered in various directions about the loft. Several got clear by jumping out of the window, but others were prevented from doing likewise because a fat man in trying to get through got stuck and had to be pulled back by the police.

"Over twenty birds were captured along with a dozen spectators, who were marched to the police station. The captain had no place to keep the cocks, and sent them around to a stable-keeper, who, by the way, was a fancier, and that gentleman took the roosters out of the basket and substituted hens. There was a great uproar in Court the following morning when the hens were shown. No case could be proven that the hens would do battle; they were confiscated, however, and the prisoners fined 5 dols. each for disturbing the peace. It was a clever trick, and the police captain is that humiliated over the outcome that he will no doubt make it uncomfortable for the stable keeper the first opportunity that presents itself.

MR. JOHN ELLIS.

Sportsman and Dog Fancier.

(With Portrait.)

"Jack" Ellis is probably best known as a fancier of bulldogs, having owned some of the best-bred canines in Great Britain. He is the proprietor of the Pritchard Arms, Kingsland Road, London district, a resort patronised by gentlemen interested in sporting matters. When a young man he held, for two years, the Amateur Feather-weight Championship of Great Britain at boxing, and, though he takes no active part in the "game" at present, he attends all the contests of importance which occur in England. His bulldogs have won numerous prizes at dog shows of recent years

DICK BURGE, OF NEWCASTLE.

Popular Light-weight, who is Open to the World.

(With Portrait.)

THERE is probably no pugilist in Great Britain who is more popular than Dick Burge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He has been before the public for many years, and his conduct has always been that of a quiet, unassuming young man, full of fight. Probably the most notable match in which he has taken part was when he disposed of Jem Carney, the veteran light-weight champion.

Burge has journeyed twice to the United States, but both errands proved fruitless. He was to have fought Jack McAuliffe for a £9,000 purse at Coney Island, but Burge's trainer, George Macdonald, switched over to the McAuliffe party and after exposing the ability of the man whom he went to the States with, McAuliffe acted the part of a coward and declined to go on with the match on its merits. Burge would listen to nothing but an honest fight, hence the match fell through. He again visited the States last Fall and dickered with Jack E. Dempsey for a match at 10st, but as no suitable purse was forthcoming the meeting failed to materialise, and hence a second fruitless journey on the part of Burge.

He was matched to fight Harry Nickless at 10st, but meeting with an accident caused him to forfeit. Burge is still confined to his room, and as soon as he recovers he will be prepared to take on any man living at 10st. He is in comfortable quarters at the house of his staunch friend and supporter, Mr. "Ned" Connor, Bradford, where he has been visited by a number of friends. Burge desires to return his best thanks to Messrs. W. Child, George Drake, W. Cressey, and Mick Lanigan, Leeds, and to Mr. John Ward, of Heckmondwike, and other gentlemen for their kindness in visiting him, and their general efforts to endeavour to make him forget his misfortunes. Those excellent sportsmen, Messrs. George Drake and W. Child, both of Leeds, are about to organise a benefit for Dick in Leeds.

A "MUG" BORN EVERY MINUTE.

He met such a Nice Girl and it cost him all his Money.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT is an old saying that there is a mug born every minute, and we might safely say that two more are born simultaneously to dupe him. It hardly pays a man to permit an attractive face of any female to entice him into any act of indiscretion. We had a call the other day from a man who proved to be an unfortunate. He wanted to sell us a story of a deal which he had been implicated in, but full particulars are hardly necessary. We may say that the victim was entrapped by such "a nice young girl," who appeared the height of virtue and innocence, but was induced, after much persuasion, to invite the young man to spend the evening at her home in Stamford Street. The young lady was bashful, to all appearances, and baited the "capture" on to going after a bottle of wine. Having more money than common sense, the young man on his return doffed his coat containing his wallet, and placed it on a chair whilst he let the wine flow freely. They chatted together for some little time, and just as the vital moment arrived when it should become interesting, a knock was heard at the door, and a female voice requesting admittance. The young lady blushed, and pleaded for the "mug" to make a hasty retreat, because "Mamma slept with her darling, and wished to retire."

The young man made himself scarce, and adjourned to a public to get some "nerve cure." It was then that he realised that whilst his coat was lying on the chair behind a screen a deft hand through a panel secured a wallet containing over £20. He returned to make a "kick," but the tenants failed to acknowledge that any young lady resided in the house. Poor satisfaction for a few moments courting!

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

"IT makes me tired to see the manner in which these newspapers are run," said the man in the smoking car as he took off his glasses and let his paper drop across his knees.

The man who sat next to him had one lock of hair—an oasis in a desert of scalp—which he spent most of his time in smoothing reflectively.

"I s'pose," he said slowly, "that you could give 'em all points."

"I'm sure of it. Couldn't you?"

"No, don't think I could."

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the editor how to run his paper?" exclaimed the kicker in a tone that had absolute dismay in it.

"I do, indeed," replied the man with the oasis, earnestly.

"Well—I must say there are not many like you."

"I know it. I used to be like you are. But now I'm trying to run a newspaper myself, and I'll tell you, my friend, I'm not sayin' a word. Not a word."

THEY CONNECTED AT LAST.

A PRETTY little romance that possesses the unusual merit of being founded on fact has just been completed by the addition of the final chapter, which was long wanting.

Sixteen years ago Storekeeper White, who has charge of the supplies for the Northwest mounted police at Maple Creek, Assiniboia, was living in the south of England. He was keeping company with a Miss Green, daughter of a prosperous manufacturer. There was nothing to preclude the expectation that they would be married some day, but a misunderstanding occurred over a trifling circumstance and they parted. White went to America, and the two lost sight of each other for thirteen years.

It was about three years ago that Miss Green was visiting in Birmingham, and there met a young man who, in conversing about things in general, incidentally referred to a letter he had lately received from a friend of his, Mr. White, of Maple Creek, in the North-West, and some inquiry by Miss Green convinced her that the correspondent was her old lover. Her interest in the welfare of the man in the distant land did not escape her companion and in the next letter he penned to White he described the episode.

This fact led White to write to the young lady, and the result is that a few weeks ago they met in New York and were married. The groom could not obtain leave long enough from his duties to go to England, but the bride did not mind that. They spent some days in Toronto, Canada, and left a short time since for Maple Creek, which is 800 miles west of Winnipeg. They are middle-aged people now.

HE WON THE WAGER.

A PARTY of men congregated in Washington, U.S.A., were swapping stories about practical jokers recently, when Jim Davis rattled off some reminiscences of George Washington Todd, of Richmond, Va. It was this worthy who started the Tom Collins joke that swept over the United States a good many years ago, and led to innumerable serious difficulties, including several homicides. It was his delight to get some ignorant darkey and equip him with a wheelbarrow and send him out to get a load of post holes. Of course, the first man the negro was sent to would happen to be just out of post holes, but would direct the messenger to a party who had a supply of them, and so it would go until the darky would be sent from one end of Richmond to the other on a fruitless search, to be greeted on his return with the query of why he didn't dig them, and then a shower of small change to restore his good spirits.

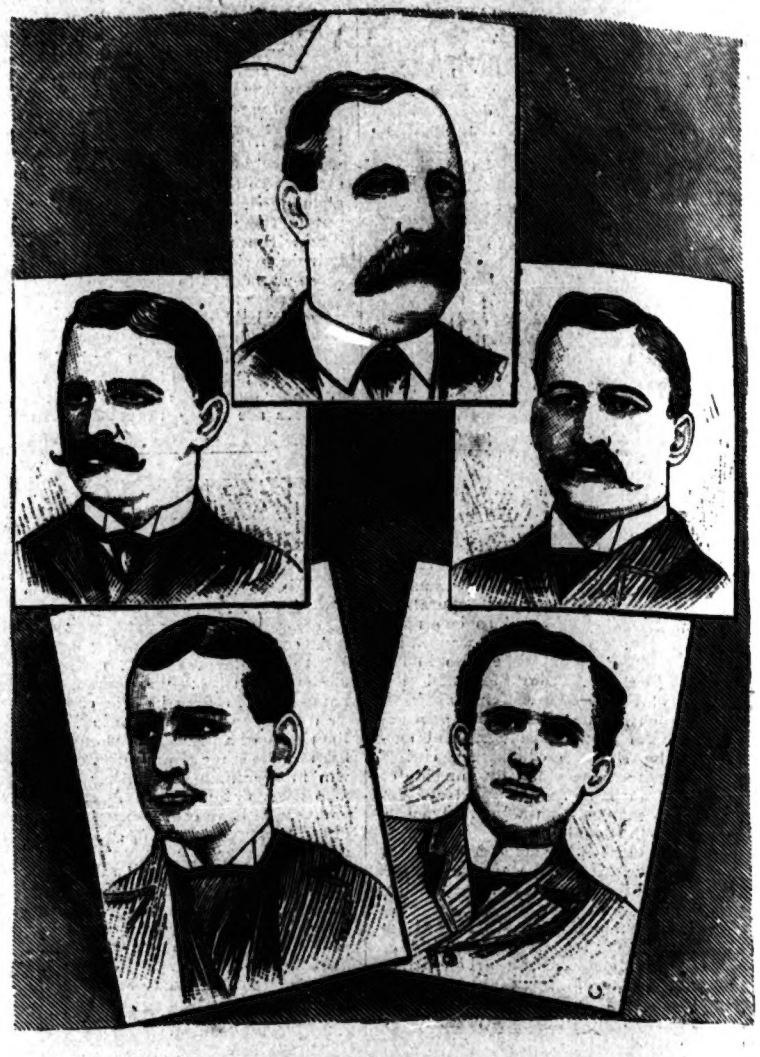
"He was up to all sorts of pranks," said Mr. Davis, "and would do the most outlandish things. I remember once he had a tailor make him a purple velvet hunting suit. While it was being built he went around collecting hounds. He got every old mangy, disreputable hound dog that he could find, and took it to an inclosure back of his house. When he had gotten about forty together he began to feed 'em himself, and they all got dead stuck on him. The day after his clothes came home he got a gun with a barrel on it that looked like a full section of water pipe. It was pretty near as long as a telegraph pole. He tied a dead bird to its muzzle with a piece of string, and, arraying himself in his purple velvet suit, he put that gun over his shoulder, and called the dogs. Then out he started, and down the finest streets in Richmond, just when everybody was promenading. You never saw such a sight in your life. Todd swung along without a smile, with the dogs in front of him and behind him and on both sides. They just banked up the sidewalk, and the people took to the middle of the street. Somebody bet Todd that he couldn't make the biggest fool of himself of any man who ever walked the streets of Richmond, and Todd won his money."

MRS. JAMES J. CORBETT.

WIFE OF THE CHAMPION.

JOE. PATRICK. TOM.

CORBETT'S FATHER, PATRICK, AND HIS YOUNGEST SONS, JOE AND TOM, WHO WERE WITH THE CHAMPION IN FLORIDA.

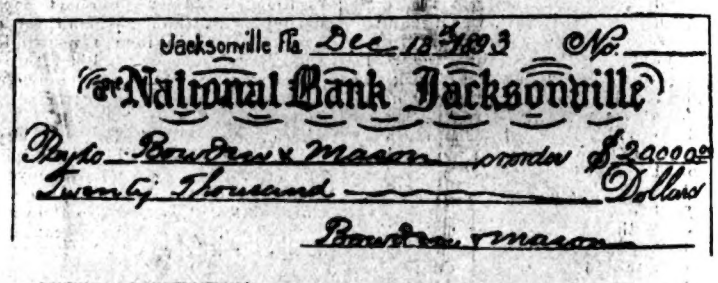


PRESIDENT HARRY MASON.

CHARLES W. RICHARDSON. CHARLES H. SMITH.

JAMES D. BURBRIDGE. J. [illegible] BOWDEN.

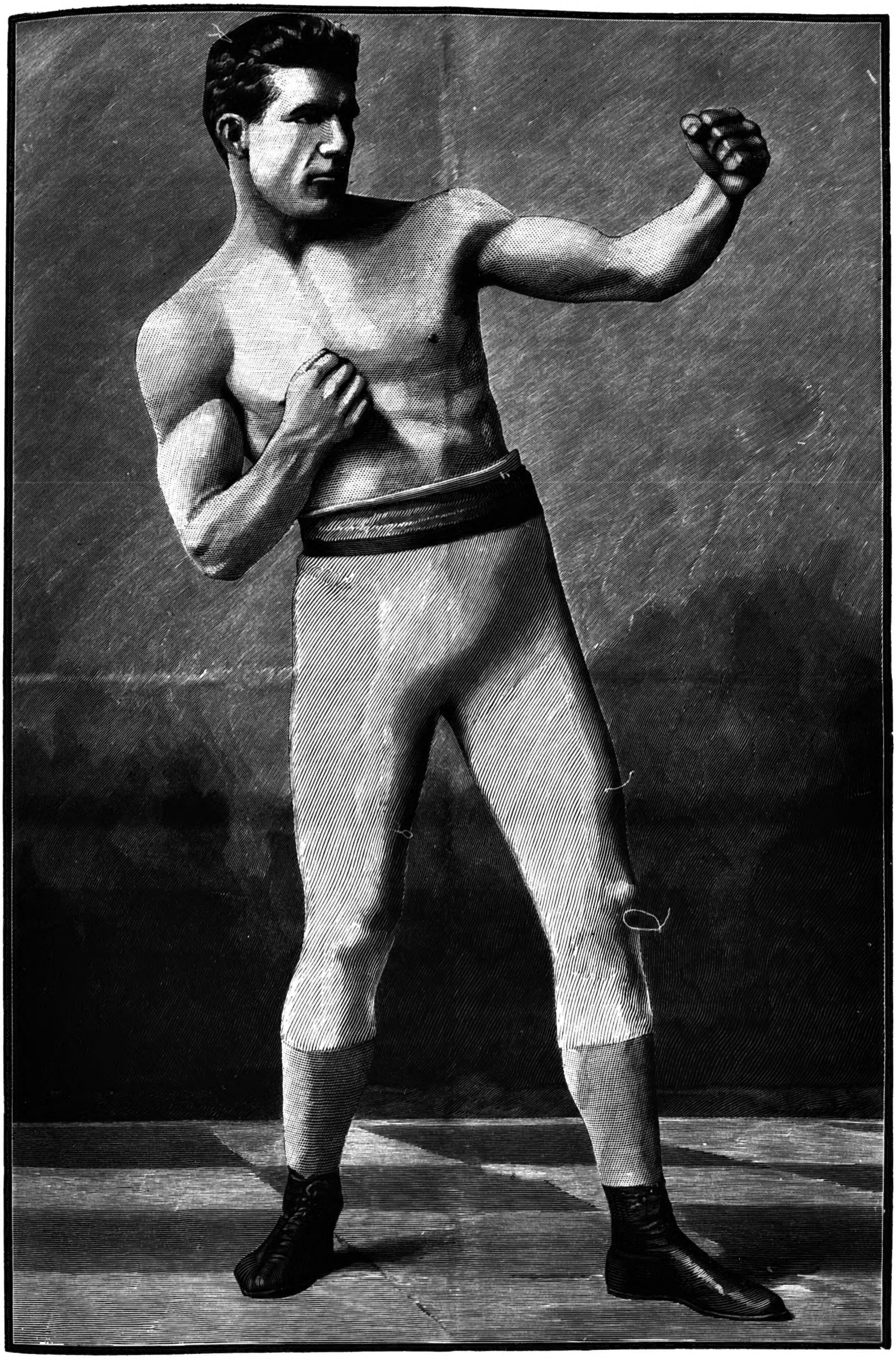
THE DUVAL ATHLETIC CLUB OFFICERS.


Jacksonville Fla Dec 18th 1893 No.
The National Bank Jacksonville
Pay to Bowdren & Mason or order $20000
Twenty Thousand Dollars
Bowdren & Mason

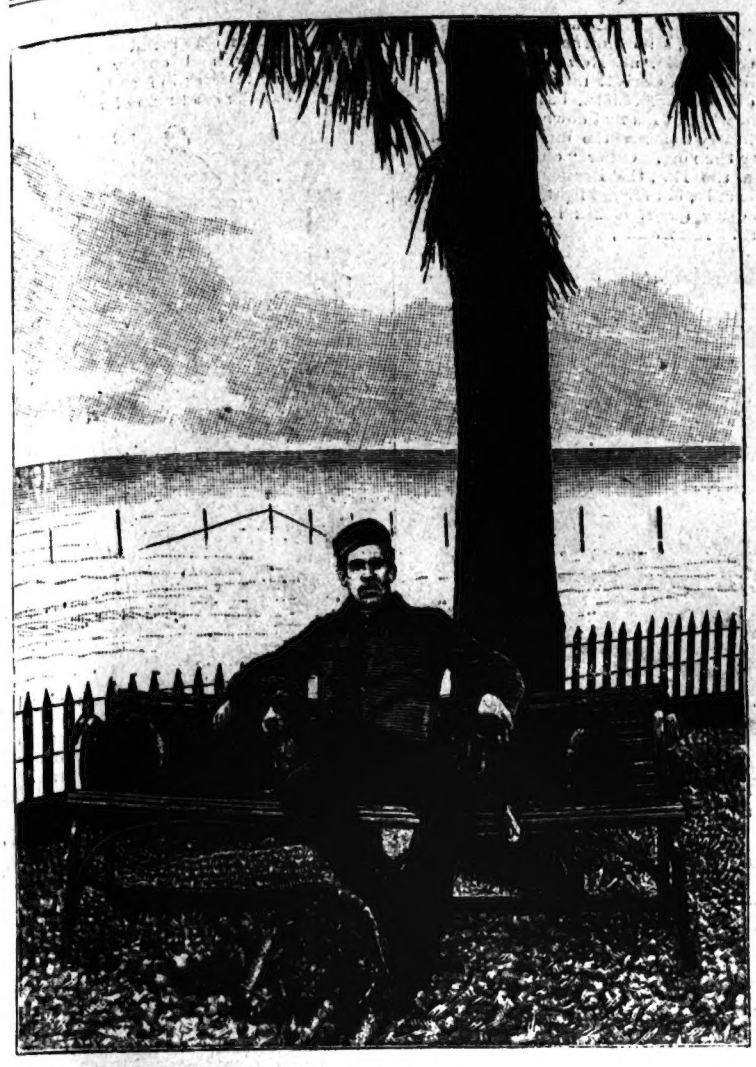
THE 20,000 DOLLAR CHEQUE CASHED AS THE PURSE.

THE BUILDING WHERE CORBETT THRASHED MITCHELL.

Presented with No. 2.



JAMES J. CORBETT,
Champion of the World.



THE CHAMPION IN FRONT OF HIS COTTAGE WITH HIS DOGS.

CORBETT ON THE BEACH WITH HIS DOGS.

MAIN COTTAGE WHERE CORBETT SLEPT.

LANGDON SMITH. CHAMPION CORBETT. GEORGE SILER. BILLY DELANEY (TRAINER). JOHN DONALDSON (TRAINER).

JOHN M'VEY (WRESTLING PARTNER). TOM TRACY. JOE EAGAN (CORBETT'S SECRETARY). W. A. BRADY (MANAGER). JOHN CORBETT (THE CHAMPION'S BROTHER).

CHAMPION AND HIS TRAINING PARTY AT MAYPORT, FLA., PREVIOUS TO THE FIGHT.

CORBETT CHAMPION.

MITCHELL MAKES NO STAND.

Knocked Out in Round Three.

A Short and Decisive Fight.

Both Arrested after the Battle.

A Fighter as is a Fighter.

(With Illustrations.)

THE much-talked of glove-fight between James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell for 20,000 dols. and the championship was decided at Jacksonville, Florida, Thursday, Jan. 25.

The battle was short and decisive and established beyond question that Corbett is the greatest pugilist that ever graced a prize ring. By his clean victory he has wiped out of existence a man who was universally disliked, because of his bragging demeanour and overbearing attitude when he met people who had aided him into the premier position as a Boxing Champion of England.

It is nearly two years ago since the match was arranged between James J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan to fight at New Orleans for the championship. At that time Corbett, under the management of W. A. Brady, was making a tour of the States in a play called "After Dark," appearing in a sparring scene. Sullivan was likewise engaged, and Mitchell with F. P. Slavin journeyed to the States in search of fight and to gain money by exhibition purposes. Sullivan declared himself prepared to take on Mitchell for £2,000 a side, and though the latter expressed it as a life-long desire to again meet John L., he neglected to post money as a sincerity of his intentions. Whilst the men were engaged in a newspaper warfare, Corbett deposited 5,000dols., and challenged Sullivan to fight. A match was the result, and it was after articles were signed by these men that Mitchell entered objections to the fight taking place, claiming he had priority in claim to meet John L.

Corbett was appearing at Harry Miner's Theatre in the Bowery, New York City, and during his engagement there Mitchell accepted the opportunity of calling at that place with Slavin and created a scene which could hardly be in keeping with a honourable man. Intense feeling arose, and Corbett for ever afterwards declared that he should not meet any man, after his match with Sullivan was decided, till he could thrash Mitchell for the insults Charley had heaped upon him. Mitchell and Slavin returned to England in April, and on the 30th of the following month the last-named met with his first defeat, this being at the hands of Peter Jackson in the National Sporting Club. There is little money in a beaten man, and it was not surprising to find Slavin left out in the cold for a new star. This proved to be Jim Hall, who, in company with Joe Choynski and Parson Davies arrived in London on May 14. Hall left the genial Parson and placed himself under the care of Mitchell. How the Australian middle-weight defeated Pritchard in four rounds the following August is a matter of history. Subsequently he was matched against Fitzsimmons, and on December 1 he sailed for the States. Mitchell followed on Feb. 8, on which day he commenced a trip that will live long in the memory of sporting men for its disastrous ending. Hall got whipped in short order by the fair-haired farrier, and Mr. Abington passed away to his long home, not, however, before he had posted 10,000dols. for Mitchell for a match with James J. Corbett in the hands of Mr. David H. Blanchard, of Boston, and W. A. Brady deposited a like sum for Corbett. Then commenced a newspaper warfare between the men, not so much for

The Money Involved

as it was to throw "mud" at each other, and a wrangle between the American clubs, which continued without a break of any kind through the spring to the summer, through the summer to the autumn, through the autumn to winter, and through the winter to date. Mitchell and Hall returned to England on March 29 last, and even before they had landed offers came from the American clubs, who began bidding against one another for the fight. Mitchell was a well-hated man in the States, chiefly by reason of his arrogant manner. The fight between Hall and Fitzsimmons had proved a big financial failure, it is true, but the management of the Crescent Club, where the men met, was faulty, and it was readily understood that good money must be in a fight between Mitchell and Corbett. The first offer came from the Coney Island Club, New York, who professed to be willing to hang up a sum of 40,000dols.

The principals did not close at once with the offer of the Coney Island Club, and in the meantime a new association, "The Columbia Athletic Club," was started. This, like the majority of the American clubs, was nothing but a wooden structure, and to show the thing was commenced solely for the purpose of securing the championship fight and making money out of it, a purse was offered ere the building had been completed. Mitchell and Corbett, however, were still in no hurry, but willing to take the best price offered, consequently they were good enough to wait, and in doing so allow the speculators to go on bidding. Eventually the Columbian Athletic Club, which was situated at Roby, Indiana, a short distance from Chicago, opened its doors, and gave an entertainment just by way of establishing itself. Young Corbett, no relation to the champion, and Paddy Smith were put together, and wonderful things were promised by the management. The arrangements were, however, of the most primitive character, and in place of good order there was all but a riot. A huge crowd assembled outside the doors, and being refused admission, they set fire to the ticket office, and some shooting was indulged in. The building, really little better than a barn, had no roof to it, and stones, hurled over the roof, dropped amongst the spectator and into the ring while the men were fighting. An eye-witness, a well-known London sporting man, described the din and disorder as something awful. And this was the club that offered the biggest purse for the Mitchell and Corbett fight. Small wonder the Californian refused to go there. The secretary, or match-maker, as he is called, secured, or professed to have secured, Mitchell's acceptance, but Corbett would not sign. For this he was roundly abused by a certain section of the American as well as the English Press, but the champion was firm in his resolve not to enter the ring at Roby. Rowdyism he detested, and Corbett expressed his willingness to take 10,000 dols. less and fight in peace and comfort at Coney Island. A deadlock was the result. Mitchell stood out for Roby and Corbett for Coney Island. A way out of the difficulty, however, came from a quarter unexpected by all, as a second fight at the Columbia Athletic Club, carried out on the same lines as the first, caused the inhabitants to rise up in arms and protest against the scene of disorder to which they were subjected. Troops were called out, the club property seized, and the affair thrown into bankruptcy. The Columbian now disappeared from the scene, and the Coney Island was left master of the situation. To the astonishment of the principals and their friends, the club by the sea now appeared in no hurry to secure what a few weeks before they were so anxious to gain, viz., the signatures of Mitchell and Corbett. Judge Newton, the match-maker, who had been running after the two fighters for weeks, was "not at home" to the respective managers of the pugilists, and the signing of the agreement was put off day after day. Which was pretty good evidence that all was not serene in the camp of the Coney Island directorate. Pious people in New York preached against the fight, and while some of the officials of the club were in favour of having the fight, others proved dead against it. Finally the Coney Island Club declined to have the contest at all, and from this time forward the authorities carried on a crusade against the fighters, the clubs that favoured them, and, indeed, all concerned in the business. The Olympic, at New Orleans, where Sullivan and Corbett met, came out with an offer of 25,000dols., but the Governor promptly put his foot down, and promised faithfully to arrest the men if they dared enter the ring. Other "clubs," the Oaklama, the Elk, the Roanoke, &c., clubs in name only, bid for the fight, which, even at this early stage, looked like ending in a fiasco. Meanwhile,

Mitchell Sailed for America

Corbett's Right Arm Muscles.

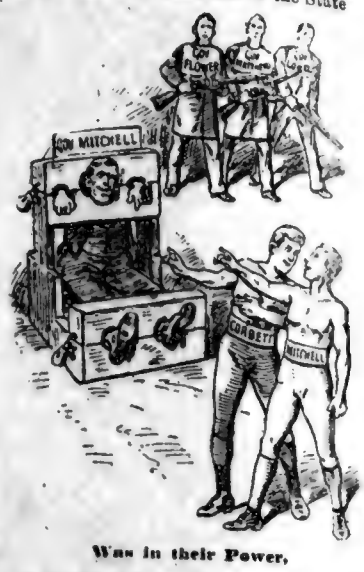
with Jack McAuliffe, leaving England on September 13.

His arrival in the States did not facilitate matters a great deal, and at one time it looked as though the match would be declared off. Meanwhile the Duval Athletic Club, comprised of five of the leading citizens of Jacksonville, made a bid for the contest. The club soon came to terms with Mitchell and Corbett, who signed to fight in their building on January 25 for a purse of 20,000 dols., or £4,000 English money. No sooner, however, was the agreement entered into than the Governor of the State notified the club he should stop the fight at all hazards. Then commenced a warfare the like of which was never previously known. Messages of the most remarkable character were flashed across by cable. One day the affair was off and the next it was on again.

The Governors of three States had "knifed" the fight, and Governor Mitchell declared his intention likewise, and even threatened

Injury to the Pugilists.

The Militia were to be ordered out, on the one hand, to prevent the fight, and, on the other, special constables were to be enrolled to arrest the Militia in case they interfered. The club members were sanguine, however, and openly defied the Governor to interfere; in fact, they notified the men that the head man of the State



Was in their Power,

and bound so he could move neither hand nor foot in preventing the fight.

Corbett felt satisfied of this, and he was not slow in informing Mitchell that one or the other would have to openly "crawl" to prevent

A Satisfactory Meeting.

In England sporting men got tired of reading the contradictory reports that came to hand nearly every hour, and without repeating what must be quite fresh in the memory of our readers, we may resume the thread of this wonderful narrative with the departure for America of Mitchell's father-in-law, "Pony" Moore. Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Mitchell, and Charley's eldest son, left England for the States on the 12th instant, and "Pony" joined his son-in-law on the 22nd. Mitchell took his training quarters at St. Augustine, and here he did his work in company with Jim Hall, Harry Darrin (of Sheffield), and Steve O'Donnell, the Australian. Mitchell's friends received a shock a few days ago from the news that he had sprained his ankle while running up and down the lighthouse stairs. This, however, turned out to be nothing more than the spraining of the tendon of the right heel, which caused the Englishman no trouble in his training, and so late as Tuesday night Mitchell was reported to be in splendid trim. Corbett's training quarters were at Mayport. Here he and about a dozen others occupied a cottage furnished on almost luxurious lines. His work was superintended by M'Vey and Delaney, two men who have been long associated with the champion. He had for sparring practice, Dan Creedon, the middle-weight champion of Australia, and Professor John Donaldson, while in wrestling bouts Corbett was opposed by M'Vey. When the affair looked like resulting in a fight, 2 to 1 was laid to good money on the Californian, and though Mitchell had plenty of friends who backed him freely, they had little difficulty in getting 6 and 7 to 4. Corbett had youth, height, weight, and reach in his favour, and his admirers considered him a certain winner against Mitchell. Indeed, they went so far as to wager the Englishman would not last half a dozen rounds, which was passing strange when we bear in mind that on all hands the Californian is admitted to be a light hitter. A man of wondrous skill he has proved himself on many occasions, and his record certainly compares favourably with that of Mitchell. James John Corbett is one of a family of twelve. He

was born in San Francisco on Sept. 16, 1866, and educated at the Sacred Heart College, Oakland, California. In his stockings, Corbett stands 6ft 1in, and he is said to possess a longer reach than any boxer living, not excepting Peter Jackson. Corbett comes of a good family, and after leaving school at the age of 16, he secured a situation as clerk in a Nevada bank. Nothing was farther from the thoughts of young Jim than professional fighting, but there was no harm in learning boxing, and consequently he joined an amateur club named the Olympic, and as a member he, in his first year, carried off two heavy-weight competitions.

Troops were ordered out, and their reception at Jacksonville was anything but pleasant. Up to the day previous to the contest it looked decidedly dubious. On that day a cable was received in London which said: "The decision of Judge Call upon the application for an injunction has been given in favour of the Club. The Sheriff has been restrained from interference. The court-room was crowded to suffocation, and when the Judge announced his decision it was greeted with cheers. The Sheriff asked for permission to submit further papers in the case; but the Judge replied that he would open the court at the usual hour on Thursday, and he would then consider any representations that the Sheriff cared to make."

The militia were hooted and jeered at on the streets. The attitude of the people became so threatening that the colonel in command ordered the men to load, and the order to fire would have been given had not the militia been held in check by the police.

The result was that the militia were ordered to be withdrawn, which made the fight a certainty.

Late on Thursday evening a report from Jacksonville was received in London stating that the long looked-for contest between Jim Corbett and Charley Mitchell, for the Championship of the World and a purse of 20,000dols., was fought under the auspices of the Duval Club, of that city, in the arena on the fair grounds, shortly after two o'clock that day, and resulted in a victory for the American. No pugilistic encounter in recent years has been productive of so much excitement throughout the length and breadth of the States. This was owing in part to the reputation of the men, and in part to the circumstances in which the fight had to be arranged. When first it became known that the Englishman and the American were really determined to prove which was the better man, the best-known clubs came forward with offers of fabulous sums by way of prize-money. While the preliminaries were being settled, the news went forth from East and West that the authorities would prevent the contest. One by one the big fighting organisations withdrew, and at last the Duval Club was left in possession of the field. Florida was regarded as a State where the pugilists would be safe, but unlooked-for difficulties arose. The club had to face the displeasure and opposition of the Governor, and it was not until the last moment they were absolutely certain of bringing off the fixture in defiance of him.

The town was crowded all the morning with sporting men from the North and West. Many an old-time "sparrer" was to be seen in the Duval Club rooms; but the burly form of John L. Sullivan, who was the last to test the skill and strength of Corbett, was conspicuous by its absence. He made it known, however, that he was keeping a watchful eye on the result of the contest, and declared that he was prepared to challenge the winner. When it became known that there would be no further proceedings before the Court, and that the Governor would not resort to the extreme course of proclaiming martial law, the club-rooms became packed with ticket buyers.

Corbett and Mitchell, in whose movements the interest of everybody was centred, passed the morning with their friends. Both spoke freely of the prospects of the fight, and each was confident about the licking he was to give the other. Both were in excellent condition, and as the later developments had produced a good deal of bitterness in the minds of the two men, a desperate encounter was expected. The betting on the result proceeded briskly all the forenoon, the odds being all in favour of Corbett. By noon an enormous crowd had congregated in the arena. The police were present in great force, but none of the State militia were to be seen. The ring itself was of the usual character, except that it was protected about the edge of the platform by a strong barbed wire fence.

At ten minutes past two o'clock (8.10 p.m. Greenwich) Corbett entered the ring, and two minutes afterwards Mitchell appeared. The two men were received with enthusiasm, the demonstration which greeted Mitchell on his arrival being almost equal to that accorded Corbett. It was a quarter-past two when the referee, Kelly, made his appearance. He shook both men cordially by the hand. He, too, was warmly cheered, for it was felt that he had, during the past few days, performed offices requiring great tact. It was known that the difficulty which arose with regard to the prize money was settled to the satisfaction of everybody. Kelly had gone to the bank in the forenoon, presented the cheque, and received twenty 1,000 dollar notes. Corbett and Mitchell then took their places in the ring. Corbett's seconds were Donaldson, Billy Delany, Jack Dempsey, William M'Millan, with Ted Foley as timekeeper. Mitchell's seconds were Jim Hall, Pony Moore, Tom Allen, Steve O'Donnell, with Materson as timekeeper. The men were called to the centre of the ring by the referee within five minutes of his arrival. A moment later the contest began. He ordered them to shake hands as is customary, but this both men refused to do, so great was the hatred for each other.

Round 1.—Corbett led, getting in with a strong left-hander on Mitchell's chin. The Englishman responded with a sharp blow on Corbett's ribs. There was another exchange, and then Mitchell clinched, and immediately afterwards landed one on Corbett's neck. The American replied with his right and left in quick succession. At this stage it looked as if the fight was to be very wicked and protracted. The round closed without apparent advantage to either fighter, though Mitchell appeared badly winded and hugged to avoid punishment.

Round 2.—This bout opened with a wild exchange, the men going at each other for all they were worth. Then they closed. Corbett, with a desperate wrench, threw off the English Champion and landed one of his fatal upper cuts. Again the two men closed, and this time Mitchell threw the American off, and got home a savage blow on the ribs. Again the Englishman came in, but Corbett caught him on the head and made him reel again. While Mitchell was still staggering from the effects of the blow, Corbett again upper-cut him and landed his right on Mitchell's ribs. Mitchell then managed to place one on Corbett's chin. There was a sharp rally, in which some effective work was done on both sides, but it was evident that Corbett had the best of the round, which he closed with a couple of knock-down blows. The Englishman was only saved by the call of time.

Round 3.—As Mitchell left his corner it was noticed that he was very "groggy." Corbett rushed furiously at him, swinging his right and left with crushing effect on the Englishman's neck. Mitchell went down, and his full time was up before he regained his feet. Just as he was about to advance, Corbett rushed at him like an infuriated bull. Mitchell clinched him, and there was a sharp wrestle, which ended by Corbett throwing his antagonist off. He immediately afterwards floored him with a stiff "facer." The Englishman again took his full time to rise, and when at last he advanced towards Corbett the latter swung his right with terrible effect upon his nose. Mitchell reeled and fell face downwards, bleeding badly. Kelly counted ten seconds, and no response came from the English champion, who lay bleeding on the floor. It was clear that Mitchell was knocked out, and after the stipulated period the referee declared Corbett to be the winner. Mitchell's face was covered with blood as he was carried by his seconds to his corner in a helpless condition.

The fight occupied nine minutes from start to finish. It was practically in Corbett's favour from first to last. In the first round only did the men seem on even terms, when Mitchell certainly made some show, and roused the expectations of the spectators. It is a significant fact that the men did not shake hands at the commencement of the contest. The referee called upon them to extend this courtesy to each other, but neither responded. It is estimated that 3,000 people were in the arena to witness the struggle. The rain, which had been falling heavily all the forenoon, ceased just before the fight began. It was noticed that many militiamen were among the spectators, but they had simply come to see the fight and were unarmed. One of the onlookers, as the two champions entered, shouted, "A gentleman here wants to bet a herd of 100 cattle against 5,000 dols that Corbett will win." The crowd called back, "Bring in your cattle." There was terrific uproar before the fight began, everybody shouting and laughing.

After the first round Corbett became irresistible. Mitchell was knocked down time after time, arising from one fall only to be met by another blow which sent him again to the floor. The blow which settled the contest was one which fell on Mitchell's nose, sending the Englishman over on his face. As he lay on the ground, bleeding and helpless, he presented a pitiable sight. The whole contest shows that the champion has hitherto being underrated even by his friends. His blows were not only quick but powerful. The first which fell fairly on Mitchell's head staggered him, and after that the American had things entirely his own way.

Corbett was clad in red and white and wore blue trunks, black shoes, and dark gloves. Mitchell wore white gloves, black trunks and shoes, and on his right wrist there was a band. The dressing-rooms reserved for Mitchell and Corbett at the arena were two little kitchens, into which visitors endeavoured to break, in order to obtain shelter from the rain, which was falling heavily. Mitchell's dressing-room was close to the west side of the arena, and Corbett's sixty feet to the north. Both were little, dirty, greasy places redolent of odours of the kitchen. There was barely room for the pugilists and their attendants to move about. Corbett, on making his way to the ring-side, found it necessary to run about twenty-five feet through the rain to the front door of the arena, where he was compelled to push his way through the crowd in order to gain admission. The men were arrested immediately after the fight, and on appearing in court the same afternoon Corbett and Mitchell cordially shook hands, and in the course of conversation Mitchell declared that he was glad to have been whipped by a man in every way worthy of wearing championship honours, The proceedings in court will probably be only of a formal character. Warrants have been sworn for the arrest the seconds and timekeepers, and of several other persons prominently connected with the fight.

Before the Fight

Mitchell was interviewed, and talking of the fight, said:—"I am feeling very fit, and fancy my job."

In the morning the correspondent again gave him greeting. The Englishman, who seemed delighted, declared: "You just bet on me; you will not regret it. I feel confident of winning," he added, "and was never in such perfect condition in my life. However, Corbett may whip me, but if he does he will certainly be aware of the fact that he has been fighting. All I am afraid of is that Corbett will shake so much that he will so unsteady on his pins that I should

Be Ashamed to Hit Him

until he gains confidence. All I have to do is to plant my left in his stomach, my right on his chin, and then that big lump of dough will simply drop in the middle of the ring. I am feeling splendidly, although I must confess that I ate rather heartily yesterday. I was led to believe that the fight would be postponed, and was therefore not so particular about depriving myself of little delicacies, such as rice-pudding and beer. However, my digestive organs are in excellent working order, and when I step into the ring I shall be in as perfect physical condition as a man can attain to. I prefer not to state the exact weight I shall scale at the ring-side, but you can depend upon it that I do not carry much superfluous flesh. I consider that I have been treated in the most unsportsmanlike and ungentlemanly manner by Corbett and his friends ever since the match was arranged; but if I am defeated I shall have no excuses to offer."

Corbett, too, was seen. He was by no means the braggart in his talk. "I am," he said, "in first-class condition. My weight when I strip at the ring-side will be 190lb, or 13st 8lb as the Britishers say. I am as hard as a rock."

Corbett's Right Arm.

It won the Fight.

Record of the Champion.

James John Corbett was born of Irish parents in San Francisco, California, September 1, 1866, and stands 6ft 1in in height.

He has been boxing since he was fourteen years old, and was never defeated. He held the middle-weight and heavy-weight amateur championships of the Pacific Coast for several years.

He has fought draws with Peter Jackson (61 rounds) in 1891, Jack Burke, Dave Campbell, and Duncan McDonald. He has been victorious over the following pugilists:—

Opponent and Place.	Rounds.	Year
Jack Smith, San Francisco ...	3	1886
Mike Brennan, San Francisco.	3	1886
Martin Costello, San Francisco	3	1886
Prof. William Donaldson, San Francisco	4	1886
Prof. William Miller, San Francisco	6	1887
Frank Glover, San Francisco...	4	1887
Capt. J. H. Daly, San Francisco.....	2	1887
Joe Choynski, Benicia	27	1889
Jake Kilrain, New Orleans ...	6	1890
Dom McCaffrey, Brooklyn ...	4	1890
Will McDonald, Albany.....	1	1892
Mike Monahan, Philadelphia..	2	1892
Bill Spillings, New York	1	1892
Bob Caffrey, New York.....	1	1892
Joe Lannan, New York	3	1892
John L. Sullivan, New Orleans	21	1892
Charles Mitchell, Florida	3	1894

Measurements of the Men.

	Ft. in. Corbett.	Ft. in. Mitchell.
Height	6 1	5 8½
Chest	42½	44½
Expansion	2⅞	3¼
Neck.....	18	20
Biceps	15¼	15½
Forearm	14½	12
Reach	34	30
Width of shoulders	24	28
Waist	39	33
Thigh	25	24
Calf	17	15½

Late on Tuesday night the American was secretly removed from his training quarters at Mayport. No one but his immediate friends and the officers of the club knew his whereabouts, and when questioned, the latter only replied Corbett would be on hand at the time appointed. Mitchell was again visited by the referee respecting the Duval Club cheque. Kelly was quite impressed by the Englishman's manner when Mitchell said, "If you tell me to go into the ring and fight for that piece of paper I will do it, but I want your assurance that if I win I will get the money." Kelly, in reply, said he could not guarantee any cheque, and he advised the visitor to fight for nothing but cash. Said Kelly to Bowden, the secretary of the Duval Club, "I think if the people who are blackguarding Mitchell would consider for a moment that when he made this proposition and offered to place himself entirely in my hands he was

An Englishman far away from Home

talking to an American, and to a man whom he knows very slightly, they would not be so ready with their abuse." After Judge Call's decision, a large number of men were set to work on the arena, and it was arranged that in case of a draw each man was to receive 10,000 dols, while if early in the fight it should be stopped by the authorities the pugilists were to receive 5,000 dols. each. Mitchell, accompanied by Pony Moore, Jim Hall, Steve O'Donnell, and Harry Darrin, arrived in Jacksonville on Wednesday afternoon, and put up at the Hotel Everett. The Englishman, who looked wonderfully well, refused to be interviewed, and simply declared that he was confident of success.

The Original Duval Club Articles.

Articles of Agreement between James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell:—

We, the undersigned, James J. Corbett, of California, and Charles Mitchell, of England, do hereby agree to engage in a glove contest before the Duval Athletic Club, of Jacksonville, Fla., on the night of January 25, 1894, at nine o'clock p.m. sharp, for a purse of twenty thousand dollars (20,000 dols.), winner to receive all.

The contest to be with the smallest gloves allowed by law, said gloves to be furnished by James J. Corbett (the gloves to be of ordinary make, with finger-holes, and nothing in the way of centre-padding), the Marquis of Queensberry Rules to govern the contest—said rules to be followed in every instance, and particularly by the referee, Maxwell E. Moore.

The club is to select an official timekeeper, each of the principals reserving the right to appoint a timekeeper to represent himself, said timekeepers to be subject to the approval of the club.

Should either of the principals commit a deliberate foul, thereby injuring the other's chances of winning, the one so doing shall lose all interest in the aforesaid purse.

To guarantee the faithful performance of the above obligations, each principal hereby agrees to deposit the sum of 5,000dols. in the hands of David H. Blanchard to guarantee their appearance in the ring at the appointed time.

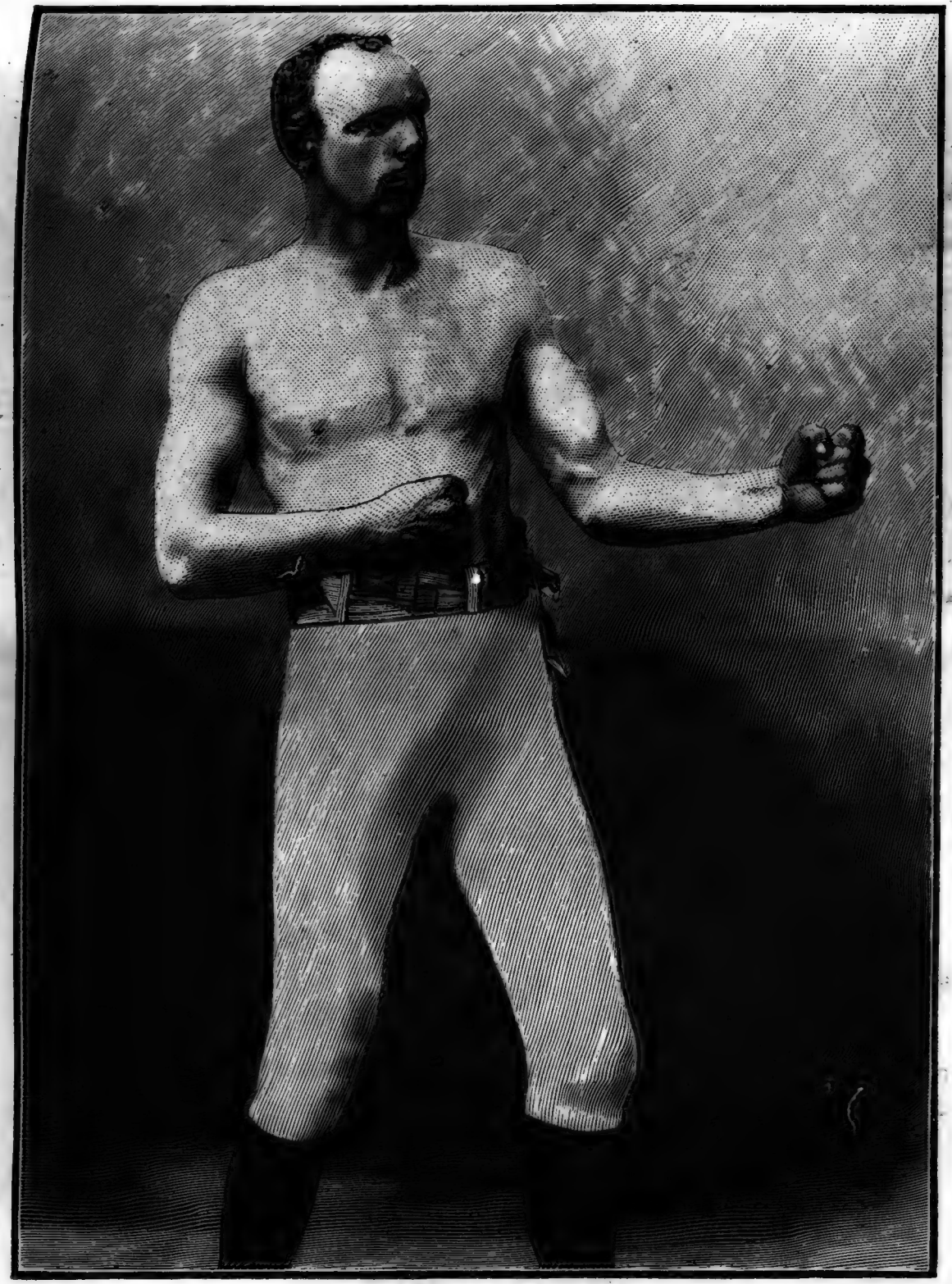
The Duval Club hereby guarantee both principals in this contest absolute protection before and after the contest in regard to all and any interference on the part of the city or State authorities, and to pay all expenses that said principals may be forced to expend to free themselves from any interference on the part of the Florida authorities, city, or State.

Honest John Kelly was afterwards mutually chosen referee in place of M. E. More

How Mitchell Trained.

"My hour for rising is set for 6 o'clock. Darrin, Jim Hall, and Steve O'Donnell turn out exactly at that hour, and by the time we are dressed I am ready for my morning bath, which consists of a good towelling and a thorough rub down. We then go to the beach, a charming place. After a spin of four miles, I while away my time until half-past 8 o'clock in rubbing and seasoning my hands with a pickle saturated with saltpetre. Breakfast, consisting of poached eggs, fish, chops, broiled chicken or steak, varied just as suits my fancy.

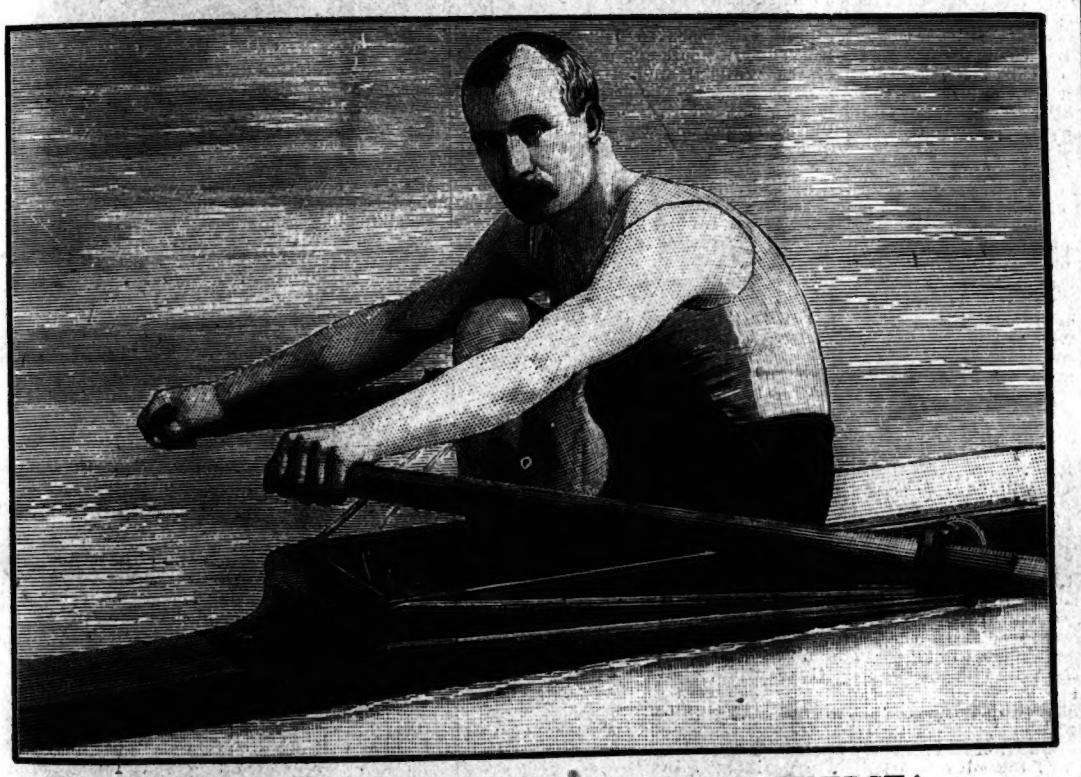
(Continued on page 14.)



BOB FITZSIMMONS.
Champion Middle-Weight Pugilist of the World.

SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.
How a Man Makes a Telescope a Profitable Piece of Property.

GEORGE BUBEAR OF PUTNEY.



CHARLES R. ("WAG") HARDING OF CHELSEA.

FEMALES KNUCKLE-FIGHTING.
How East-Enders Settled their Differences.

JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR.
Arrested in Argentina—Londoners' interest in the Capture.

MR. GEORGE VIZE.
Prominent London Sportsman.

MR. JOHN ELLIS.
Sportsman and Dog Fancier.

MR. ELKAN SIMONS.
Prominent Birmingham Sportsman.

"After this meal Bat Masterson and Converse and myself indulge in a game of hide the heart, a very interesting pastime, I can assure you, until 10 o'clock, when I go to the gymnasium to change my clothes. I then put on two sweaters and take to the road. After a twelve-mile walk I return home and take another bath of salt water. I remain in the water until 12 o'clock. At 1 o'clock I sit down to dinner, which must be ready for me by the tick of the clock. This meal usually consists of chops, steaks, eggs, toast, and a bottle of Bass's ale. Then nothing is done until 2.30 o'clock, when, in company with O'Donnell, Dartin, Hall, and sometimes Billy Thompson, my manager, we go to the gymnasium.

"Here's where my real training begins. I labour hard for two hours. I box, wrestle with Hall and O'Donnell, and take a few handsprings until the perspiration shows itself. As a rule my efforts are not followed by any uncomfortable results. After this I take a rest. Then I introduce an exercise for testing the eyesight, which is quite a novel idea. I think a man's sight in a contest helps him to win more than anything else. This is the way I go about it.

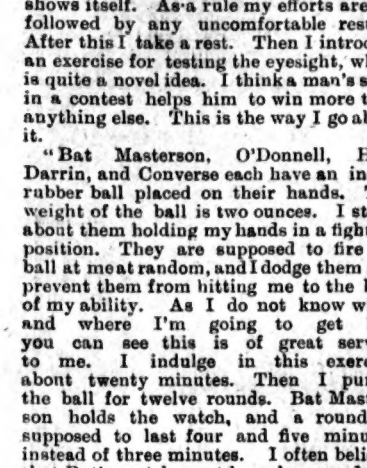
"Bat Masterson, O'Donnell, Hall, Darrin, and Converse each have an india-rubber ball placed on their hands. The weight of the ball is two ounces. I stand about them holding my hands in a fighting position. They are supposed to fire the ball at me at random, and I dodge them and prevent them from hitting me to the best of my ability. As I do not know when and where I'm going to get hit, you can see this is of great service to me. I indulge in this exercise about twenty minutes. Then I punch the ball for twelve rounds. Bat Masterson holds the watch, and a round is supposed to last four and five minutes instead of three minutes. I often believe that Bat's watch must have been made in a dusty place, and made in a hurry at that. After this I take another bath and receive a rub down. Then I have a little meal of chicken, lettuce, calf's foot jelly, toast and tea. Then we go out for a four-mile walk, doing it leisurely. Upon my return I take another bath and rub down. I slip into my bed at precisely nine o'clock, and sleep soundly.

"Before I retire, however, I never fail to remember the fact that another day has gone and the fight is drawing near. It will be the crowning effort of my career as a boxer, and you can gamble I will take advantage of it."

Slavin wants to fight Sullivan.

Slavin, in speaking of the fight, said:—"I am very sorry to hear that the Englishman has been whipped, but I have always put my money upon Corbett. After my fight with Jackson I picked out Corbett as a winner against Sullivan. With reference to Sullivan's statement that he would fight the winner of the battle at Jacksonville, I claim a prior right to meet Sullivan before he can fight Corbett, and I am personally ready to place a sum of £400 in the hands of any one agreed upon towards a purse of £1,000 on the result, and the winner to then have the right to fight Corbett. The National Sporting Club agreed that in the event of Mitchell winning this fight they would back me against him during Derby week for £2,000. Now that Mitchell has lost, they are prepared to back me for the same amount, and for the same date, against Sullivan."

Opinions on the fight will now be in order. It will no doubt be carried to extremes by the New York reporters who are always ready to grasp any bit of news in sight.



Seeking Opinions

on what has occurred are of but little moment, because any idiot can express an opinion. What we shall give is the opinion of some of the knowing ones given previous to the fight.

Opinions Before the Fight.

The *Sun*, January 25, said:—"Mitchell's performances outside the ring we are all well acquainted with. I believe the fellow has the pluck of the devil and the craftiness of the fox so far as fighting is concerned. He has a genius for bringing off *coups*. One of his biggest was the Hall, Slavin fight. The remarkable result of this interesting battle cost Mitchell many friends among the higher classes of sportsmen. Not a great deal of sympathy and support have gone with him from this side. I do not remember a fight for the championship of the world which created less interest in this country. When Mitchell was touring in America with Slavin, a Yankee reporter wired across that Charley had been beaten in a bar scuffle by Corbett, and had been chased a block. I for one did not believe that story, for whatever may be the result of to-day's set-to, the Englishman will certainly not be beaten for want of pluck; indeed, I think he is quite good enough to win."

The *Star* man said:—"If Mitchell and Corbett do fight, and I think they will, it will be a very tough battle. I fancy Mitchell will be declared the winner."

"Bat" Masterson, umpire for Mitchell.:—"Corbett is not going to meet a pugilist who has abused himself, but a sturdy gladiator, a man who possesses pluck, a first-class ring general, who is thoroughly posted in fighting according to any rules, and has had far more experience in the prize ring than Corbett, and who 'knows the game from A to Z.' Corbett, it must be admitted, has the advantage in height, weight and length of reach. There is no doubt about his stamina, for his protracted battle of sixty-one rounds, according to Queensberry rules, in San Francisco, clearly proved he could stay, while his courage cannot be questioned. In regard to science, neither has any advantage. Corbett is a skilful boxer; so is Mitchell. I think they are the two most scientific boxers in the world. I backed Corbett at 4 to 1 when he fought John L. Sullivan, because I was aware Sullivan's day had gone by. I did not think he stood the ghost of a show to defeat Corbett.

"Mitchell is the greatest prize fighter in the world according to London rules, and if the latter, instead of Queensberry rules, were to govern the coming contest, I should not hesitate to back Mitchell. If he is in first-class condition my friends and myself will back him, because I have an idea he will be a surprise party if Corbett is not on edge."

Tom Allen, old time heavy-weight pugilist: "Corbett is a very clever boxer, but I do not think him an aggressive pugilist. Mitchell is just the size and build for a champion. He can hit hard, has splendid legs and grand physical development. Mitchell is now matured. When he fought Sullivan in France he only weighed 165 pounds, while in the coming contest he will, at least, have 10 pounds more weight, and he is nearly six years older. Mitchell knows more about fighting than Corbett; he can hit harder, while he knows every foot of the ring, and how to fight and where to land. Any first-class middleweight, in my opinion, could have defeated Sullivan in half the time that Corbett did. Corbett will have to show up to better advantage at Jacksonville in January than he did when he met Sullivan at New Orleans.

"The talk about Corbett having the advantage in height, weight, and length of reach amounts to nothing. Jem Mace defeated Sam Hurst, who was over six feet in height, and weighed over two hundred pounds. Tom Sayers defeated Bill Perry, the 'Tipton Slasher,' who was several inches taller, had a longer reach than Sayers, and was fully two stone heavier. Sayers also stood off John C. Heenan, who was over forty pounds heavier and several inches taller, and had the advantage in reach and science. Heenan was as clever and scientific a boxer as Corbett, while Sayers could not box or even make a first-class set-to with gloves."

Billy Edwards, ex-champion light-weight of America:—"Although I never saw Jim Corbett fight, I have seen him box, and feel that he should defeat Charley Mitchell. I think he is one of the cleverest big men since Ned O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald's time. Few of our present sporting men ever saw Wormald or O'Baldwin. Mitchell has now been fighting over eleven years. I think it is ten years since he won the boxing championship of England and was brought to this country by Billy Madden. He was a clever boxer and an aggressive fighter in 1883 and 1884, but it is a question whether he can fight at the present time as he could then. I supposed I could fight for ever, but I made a mistake. The only mistake I ever made in my prize ring career was meeting Mitchell, who was taller, heavier, and possessed twice my strength. Mitchell is one of the new school of boxers; he is very clever, and he will give Corbett more trouble to defeat him than Sullivan did, and the fight will be a better one."

Billy Madden, who brought Mitchell into prominence:—"What do I think of the Mitchell and Corbett fight? I think Corbett will certainly win, and that he is a 2 to 1, yes, a 3 to 1, shot. He has the advantage in height, weight, youth, length of reach, and he is a clever boxer, and light as a cricket on his feet. He has a good left hand, and he knows how and when to use it. Many people think he cannot hit: well, he can hit hard enough for all practical purposes, and he possesses good judgment. Mitchell, of course, is able to fight, but he would do better fighting according to London prize-ring rules than Queensberry rules, for the former are his forte.

"No one can know better about Mitchell's fighting qualities than I. I found him in 1883 in England, when I went over to find a man to meet Sullivan. It is prize ring history the sensation Mitchell made when he first arrived in America, and I put him against Mike Cleary and then against Sullivan. I think Mitchell was a better fighter at that time than he is now. He was younger, could hit harder, and his hands were not broken as they are now. Even if Mitchell's hands were good I do not think he could defeat Corbett; but still I may be mistaken. I did not think Bob Fitzsimmons could defeat Peter Maher or Ed Smith defeat Joe Goddard, but I was mistaken.

"I think the Corbett-Mitchell fight will be a hot one while it lasts, and while I am going to back Corbett to win, I expect Mitchell will fight from start to finish like a gladiator, for there is no denying that he can fight; but he is handicapped in more ways than one, and his hands may give out."

Mike Donovan, ex-champion middle-weight of America:—"I regard Corbett as the greatest pugilist the world has ever seen in my time. I know him 'like a book,' for when he was a bank clerk in San Francisco and boxing instructor in the Olympic Club, my friends in that city wrote me about him. After he boxed with Kilrain in the Southern Athletic Club in New Orleans, my friend, Pat Kendrick, wrote me that Corbett was a first-class boxer, but that he lacked several points necessary to make him a champion.

"On Corbett's arrival in New York I introduced him to the members of the New York Athletic Club, and showed him several wrinkles in boxing. I was also his adviser when he was matched to fight John L. Sullivan. When I seconded Kilrain, with Charley Mitchell, when Kilrain was matched to fight Sullivan for 10,000 dols. a-side and the Championship of the World, I studied Sullivan's style and noted his weak points, so that I was in a position to give Corbett information which he profited by when he fought Sullivan in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, for 45,000 dols., the largest stake ever battled for. Corbett did not use me kindly afterward, although I stood in his corner when he was facing a man who was looked upon as invincible, and it was by my instructions he fought and won.

"Since that time there has been a flag of truce between us, but that does not interfere with my opinion of Corbett as a fighter. I think he should defeat Mitchell just as easily as he did Sullivan. Mitchell, of course will be in splendid shape. He is a sturdy and aggressive boxer, and that he can hit hard there is no denying. He is thoroughly game, for his contest with Sullivan in France proved that he was not only game but a stayer. Corbett has every advantage over Mitchell, and, besides, he is a better boxer. I think Corbett is to-day the cleverest boxer living."

Al. F. Smith, of New York:—"Bet 100 to 50, and if you can't get your money on at these odds give 100 to 10 on Corbett, because he will whip Mitchell so easy that Mitchell will never know what struck him."

Gus Tuthill, of New York:—"I have £2,000 which goes on Corbett. Mitchell will not be in the hunt."

Mr. John Fleming, manager of the National Sporting Club:—"Mitchell has been training with heavy weights to develop muscles which are not brought into play in a fight. I don't know how good Corbett is, but it would be a certainty for Jackson to whip Mitchell."

After the Fight.

An editorial in the *Evening Star*, January 26, says:—"Now that the Mitchell bubble has been pricked by Corbett, we shall probably hear less of that cowardly ruffian for a time. The only satisfactory feature of yesterday's degrading exhibition is that one blackguard has been well whipped. The turn of the other will certainly come, and then he will be dropped like a hot cinder by the crowd of rogues who form the body-guard of the prize-ring both in this country and America. Mitchell should reserve himself for old men in the future. That is a safer department of 'bruising,' and one to which he is more accustomed."

Extract from an Editorial in the *Evening Sun*, January 26, says:—"The man Mitchell, with whom some folks believed the honour and glory of England rested yesterday, is simply a bully and a coward. His release from gaol for an unprovoked attack on a poor old man did not long precede his departure for America. It has been said that he means to settle in the States, and I sincerely hope that he will not change his mind. Corbett is, I believe, of a better type than Mitchell. He is fairly well educated; his family are respectable people; and when the fact that a notorious and very successful ex-prize-fighter sat for many years in the British Parliament is taken into account, there should be good reason to hope that Corbett's future life need not be a source of scandal to the community if he has sense enough to rest satisfied with his brutal triumph of yesterday. I have been assured that the man is by no means on a level with the ordinary prize-fighter. This is not particularly effusive praise, but it is something—and though he is now awaiting trial he will soon be free with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets and as much "honour" as he can care to claim. Some friends—his own relatives for preference—ought to endeavour to bring that man back to a decent mode of life."

Pass Him Along.

A member of one of the swell West-end clubs says:—"All gentlemen who know Mitchell will applaud the result of the fight. He was without question one of the most unprincipled men that ever engaged in a boxing contest, always on the alert to do some crafty trick which no one of any manhood would resort to. Take him when he frequented the Horse Shoe at Tottenham Court Road, he was nothing short of a bully. His notoriety as a pugilist gave him prestige amongst a certain element, simply because they feared him. He has been mixed up in many scrapes but was lucky enough to avoid his just deserts. That poor old man whom he so cruelly assaulted is a fair estimate of his manhood. I hope he will never disgrace our country by returning. If he does, the pugilists in his class will likely challenge him to fight, and as they whip him they will pass him along. His number has been taken down now; others will meet and beat him, too. A fighter without principle who once gets a whipping is shown but little sympathy in this country."

Ashamed to Recognise Him.

A Birmingham correspondent writes: "We are ashamed to recognise Mitchell as being born in our town. He will meet with but little sympathy amongst us."

On Friday at 9 o'clock in the morning Mitchell and Corbett put in an appearance at the court-house, when the charge made against them by the Sheriff was heard by Judge Phillips. The district attorney prosecuted, and charged them with participating in a prize fight contrary to the statutes of the State of Florida.

No evidence was given, the case being remanded until February 28. The principals were held to bail in the sum of 5,000 dols. each; Billy Thompson in 2,500 dols., and Brady, Corbett's manager, in a like sum.

Talking to a Reuter's reporter Mitchell declared:—"All is over now, and it can't be helped; only I wish I'd been a little longer. I shall never fight again. I have no complaint to make, and bear no hard feeling. America has reason to be proud of the greatest fighter who ever stood in the ring. If he keeps his health he will never be beaten. I am satisfied that he can defeat me at any time. He's in just as good shape this moment as when he entered the ring."

In the course of an interview Corbett said:—"Mitchell has been credited with what he lacks most—science and strength. I never entered the ring in my life before, and hope I never shall again, with more murder in my heart than I had when in the same ring with Mitchell. I shall be content to rest on my oars till next June, when I hope to give boxing demonstrations in public that I have a punch or two left over for Jackson."

John L. Sullivan said:—"It was a case of a good little man against a good big man, and in such a case the big man always wins."

Peter Jackson said:—"Mitchell has proved himself one of the most courageous men who ever entered the ring. I will fight Corbett next June sure."

Mitchell left for New York, Jan. 26, by the 2.25 p.m. train. Before his departure he said to his friends who assembled in the lobby of the hotel to wish him good-bye, "I'm in hard luck this time. I guess I'm done with the ring so far as getting inside the ropes is concerned."

On his way to the station in the morning, after the court proceedings were over, Corbett saw Mitchell, and held out his hand, and said, "Well, good-bye, Charley." Mitchell shook the proffered hand warmly, and answered, "Good-bye, Jim." Then Brady shook hands with Mitchell, and the opponents separated.

Before Corbett left he send 18,000 dols. to Boston. The remaining 2,000 dols. he had changed into 100 dols. notes, and distributed among his trainers and backers.

Corbett and Jackson in London.

The next great glove contest for premier honours will be between Jem Corbett and Peter Jackson. This should furnish an interesting encounter. Both have met previously, when, after boxing 61 rounds, the contest was declared a draw. The match was made in July last, when a forfeit of 1,000 dols. a-side was posted. No day has been fixed for the contest, but we understand it will come off in June next, and the National Sporting Club have offered the men a suitable purse, which Jackson has expressed his willingness to contend for.

CHOLLY: "My man says I must be in love."

Chappie: "Deah me!"

Cholly: "Ya-as. When he gave me a black tie instead of a white one with my evening suit I didn't notice it."

Chappie: "Deah me!"

Cholly: "Ya-as. I wonder who she can be?"

AROUND THE RING.

THE second meeting of the National Sporting Club was brought to a successful conclusion at its club house in Covent Garden, January 22. Though only a competition confined to novices scaling 8st or under, and a twenty round contest between Bert Bolton, of St. George's, and Arthur Hughes, of Stepney, were decided, it afforded a programme well worth witnessing. Each and every one of the trial bouts in the competition were interesting, the winners being Ben Jordan, D. McCarthy, Ted Marsh, and J. Mahoney.

Jordan and Marsh were left in to decide the final. Jordan assumed the aggressive and landed heavily on the chin. Though Marsh managed to get there as often as his opponent, his blows lacked force. In the second round Jordan rushed in and delivered heavily with both hands, and, following up his advantage, he fought Marsh round the ring. The last-named, however, was very quick and tricky, and many of Jordan's blows missed their mark. The third round was as near even as could be, though Jordan having done the more effective work was given the award.

This was followed by the event of the evening, a twenty-round bout between Bolton and Hughes. Hardly had time been called for the first round when Hughes rushed at his man. Bolton joined issue, but there was far too much anxiety on either side, each man doing his utmost to knock the other out. Hughes was quite pale with excitement, and in his desire to annihilate his opponent many blows failed to find a landing spot. So heavy was the work that at the end of the first round both lads seemed beaten. They freshened up, however, during the interval of a minute, and each was anxious for the fray. The minute's rest, however, worked wonders, and each came up fresh for the second bout. Hughes landed with more frequency than Bolton, and his right hand made the latter fairly stagger time after time. Bolton, however, never flinched, and though at the end of the third round it was any odds against him, he responded with renewed strength for the fifth round. Hughes still forced the exchanges, but though Bolton received two to the other's one he seemed none the worse, and it looked as though Hughes might after all wear himself out in trying to stop his rival. So the struggle went on. There was no thought of defence on either side, and it was simply a question as to who would weaken first. If anything, Hughes was the stronger as they took the middle for the seventh time, and in this round he made such headway that his victory seemed almost assured. Bolton fought in the gamest possible fashion, but Hughes gradually got the upper hand, and a little through the eighth bout the youth from St. George's had the worst of it. Almost any odds would have been laid on Hughes when they faced each other for the ninth round. This proved to be the last, as, after boxing a minute, Bolton, to the surprise of the other side, landed his right heavily on the point. Hughes tumbled to the floor, and though he regained his feet he was counted out and beaten immediately afterwards. Hughes could not for some little while realise what had happened, and his friends and seconds were in the same plight. It was disheartening luck, bad enough to make a lad shake the dust off his feet and quit the ring for good. On the other hand, one cannot help paying a compliment to Bolton for the pluck and determination with which he contested every inch of the ground. In almost every round he received twice as much as he gave, but he took it without a murmur, and each time he went to his corner Bolton assured his seconds he would pull through. The struggle was brimful of interest and excitement from the start, and in answer to a clamorous and universal call from the members, the men returned to the ring and shook hands with the best of good feeling.

* * *

A SERIES of contests were brought to a decision at North Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, January 22. The first, a twelve-round match, brought forward Darby Wheldon, of Battersea, and Jim Harding, of Kentish Town. During the first three rounds Harding essayed to force matters, but his blows lacked steam, whilst his opponent done effective work with his left. During the fourth round Wheldon continued to make far the most use of the left, once putting a flush hit on the nose which completely staggered his man, and before Harding could recover he was brought down with a regular jaw breaker. Quickly up, Wheldon tried to bring off a coup, but Harding dodged out of danger just before the expiration of the round. The fifth round was all in favour of Wheldon, who landed several well-timed blows. Harding made a determined stand in the sixth round, but Wheldon displayed good generalship, for when Harding looked dangerous he easily ducked out of danger, and before Harding could recover shot the left on the damaged part of the face. Finding this to be the case the referee, greatly to the disappointment of many, stopped the contest, awarding the victory to Wheldon. H. Camis, of St. James', and C. Moss, of Shoreditch, were to decide twelve rounds. In the second round, Moss was brought to his knees, but he returned the compliment in the succeeding round. Camis quickly rose, however, to receive another heavy blow, which caused him to drop over the top ropes, time alone saving a knock-out. In the fifth round, a couple of light lefthanders on the face by Camis brought about another heavy rally, in which Camis again reached the ground, but renewing, both fell together just as time was called. The fifth and sixth rounds were well contested, Camis gaining a lead. After several exchanges in the eighth round, Camis brought the left half over hand on the cheek, which proved enough for the Shoreditch lad, who immediately held ont his glove in token of defeta. Camis was given the match.

* * *

AT the Central Baths Gymnasium, Clerkenwell, January 22, a 7st 6lb competition was decided. In the final bout W. Richardson and G. Wood were the contestants. The latter was the taller and heavier, and started with two left-handers on the ribs. After this both battled hard, but Wood was always master of the situation, and planting his left well on the body, Richardson went to his corner and gave in. Wood, therefore, received the verdict. Alf Golding and Ginger Elliott met to decide the best of ten rounds. Golding had the advantage of height and weight, and after delivering a few light blows both went in for slugging. Elliott was unequal to the task, and Golding, showing a decided advantage, was given the verdict.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Nottingham says:—"The people here are all interested in the old time fighters mainly because we have no good man before the public. They appreciated the publication of the portrait of George Fryer, and now want to see in print one who was respected by all. It is that of

William Thompson, better known as Bendigo.

He was born in Parliament Street, this town, October 11, 1811, stood 5ft 9½in, and fought at 11st 10lb. He died at Beeston, near Nottingam, Monday, August 23, 1880, aged 69 years. His death was caused through falling down stairs. He was one of a triplet, the youngest of 21 children, and fought 20 battles. During the last years of his life Bendigo became a good Christian, and was an honour to Nottingham. He was converted by Mr. Weaver, a revivalist, who was holding meetings at Mechanics' Hall.

* * *

A BOSTON, U.S.A. exchange says:—Of all the fighters that appeared at the charity boxing show Saturday night none was watched so closely as Stanton Abbott, the English lightweight who came to this country for the express purpose of meeting Jack McAuliffe.

Nearly all the good judges of boxing in this city were present, and while they had a good opinion of the Englishman, they could not see where he would have any chance of defeating the American champion.

Abbott is a very cool boxer, has a good foot movement, and parries well. "Little" Jack Green, formerly of this city, but now of Amsterdam, tried to get on a match with him last week, but failed. Abbott seems bent on getting on with Jimmy Dime, but he is looking for a tougher game than he realises, and if the pair should be matched, the admirers of Abbott will have no trouble in placing their money.

Dime asked him to spar six rounds with him in Leominster which is Dime's home, and Abbott wanted 500 dols., but this would not be considered. If he wants that amount for six rounds, his price for a finish contest must be out of r

WE are pleased to say that the report that Peter Jackson, coloured heavy-weight, is broken down has been denied in a letter from "Parson" Davies, dated Chicago, Jan. 15, which is as follows:—"There is no truth in the statement that Peter has broken down. He was a very sick man during Christmas week in Rochester, when he had the grip, but I do not see anything strange in an athlete being ill, for he is the same as any other human being. As we have never played in Boston it seems strange that the reports should come from that city. Jackson is the same in health that he has been for years, and his daily set-tos with Joe Choynski prove that he is not a wreck."

* * *

HARRY HEATH, of Paddington, and Alf Smith, of Marylebone, met in a fifteen-round glove contest at Kilburn Gymnasium, January 22, for a purse. Both resorted to slugging tactics for the ten rounds, Smith drawing first blood from the nose, whilst Heath landed frequently on his opponent's left optic, which looked like closing fast. From this point right up to the end of the fifteenth round both were doing their level best, but there was more power in the blows delivered by Heath, who hit straighter, and also exhibited better defence than his antagonist, and at the finish was returned the winner.

* * *

WALTER BUTLER was given a benefit at the Kilburn Gymnasium, January 23, when two six-round bouts were decided. In the one between Jack Marney, of Spitalfields, and Harry Heath, of Paddington, the former showed a decided advantage from the outset, and at the end of the sixth round was given the award. The contest between Bill Davies and Ben Chambers was decidedly lively throughout. An extra round was ordered so close was the battle. In the seventh round Davies had the best of the match and was given the verdict.

* * *

NOBBY GOLDING, of St. Luke's, defeated W. Yates, of Clerkenwell, in a ten-round glove contest at the Lambeth School-at-Arms, January 23. Golding forced matters throughout, and in the sixth round he compelled Yates to hoist a signal of distress.

* * *

JOE HARRIS, the Australian bookmaker now in New York City, will visit London in February, and when he returns to the States he will probably take with him Martin Denny, whom he will match against any light-weight in America.

* * *

FELIX SCOTT says: Since my contest with Ted Dorkins and Cock Robin, I have ceased boxing in the ring, as I thought I was not fairly dealt with by the referees; but I would like to have one more go before the close of the present season, and would like to box Ted Dorkins, Bill Cheese, or any man in England at 10st, six rounds, for points, if any club will give a suitable purse, Sheffield or Manchester preferred, and will have a good side bet on the result.

* * *

G. WILLIS, of Liverpool, and Dick Walsh, of Salford, met in a twelve-round contest at the Ormonde Club, Manchester, Jan. 22. During the twelve rounds contested Willis gained a decided advantage, and was given the award.

* * *

AT the Lambeth School-of-Arms, Jan. 22, a series of contests were decided. A six-round contest between F. Wood, of Battersea, and Alf. Goddard, of Wandsworth, proved an exciting affair, Goddard eventually being the winner. The principal event was to have been one of twenty rounds between Mike Moore and Con Schilling, but the former slugged Schilling so hard the first two rounds that he hoisted a signal of distress, and Moore was given the award.

* * *

AT Dublin, recently, Tommy Lynch, of Dublin, and Tom Molloy, of Manchester, fought seven spirited rounds for a purse of £25. The contest for some time hung in the balance, but eventually Lynch, who is a stone the heavier lad, just outstayed his opponent, and secured the verdict.

* * *

STANTON ABBOTT, the English champion lightweight, who defeated Jack Falvey, January 8, at Providence, will remain in that city for the present. He is awaiting the decision of the Louisiana Supreme Court on the legality of his match with Andy Bowen at the Olympic Club, New Orleans.

* * *

J. S. CULBERTSON, of Chicago, U.S.A., who recently offered to back young Griffo, the Australian, to fight any man in the world at 8st 8lb for £2,000 a-side, has had his offer accepted by George Dixon.

* * *

MR. J. MAKIN, of Southport, writes: "THE MIRROR OF LIFE is the best paper of its kind ever produced either here or in America. It is cheap at fourpence. I have taken the *Gazette* and *News*, both published in America, but THE MIRROR OF LIFE is better then either, and meets with all my requirements. The coloured supplement is the best I ever saw of fighting men."

HORACE LEEDS, of Philadelphia, challenges Austin Gibbons to a ten-round glove contest, or he is open to fight Jack McAuliff or any light-weight in America at 9st 10lb for any part of £1,000 a-side. Should McAuliffe decline Leeds will issue a direct challenge to Stanton Abbott, English champion, now in America.

SHE POISONED HER BETRAYER.

GENA SEPAL, a handsome native of Naples, died in agony at Exeter, Pa., U.S.A., January 13, after eating poisoned food, and his friends assert that the girl he wronged and jilted in Italy is responsible.

Two or three years ago Sepal, then a jeweller's assistant in Naples, wooed and won Anna Villela. The marriage was postponed from time to time, and at length the girl became a mother. When she appealed to him to give the child his name he thrust her from him, and Anna registered a vow that he should never live to make love to another woman. Frightened by these threats, Sepal fled to America, and after spending a short time in New York, went to Exeter, where he obtained work as night watchman at a mine in Exeter.

Recently a strange woman arrived at the mining village and inquired for Sepal. Friends of his pointed out his boarding house. The woman went there, but Sepal being asleep, she asked his landlady not to disturb him, and inquired minutely into his habits, where he worked, and what hours he was on duty. She then left, asking the landlady to keep her visit a secret. The landlady, however, told Sepal when he awoke, and the fellow at once divined that the strange visitor was the girl he had wronged.

He went to work that night as usual, taking his lunch in a tin bucket. At four o'clock in the morning he returned deathly sick. He explained that directly after eating his lunch he began to suffer with severe pains in his stomach, and made his way home as best he could. A physician was sent for, but before he arrived the unfortunate man was dead.

The physician said there was every symptom of poisoning. Friends of the man now believe than the woman watched him go to work, followed, and, seizing a favourable opportunity when he was making his rounds, poisoned his food. She has disappeared and cannot be found.

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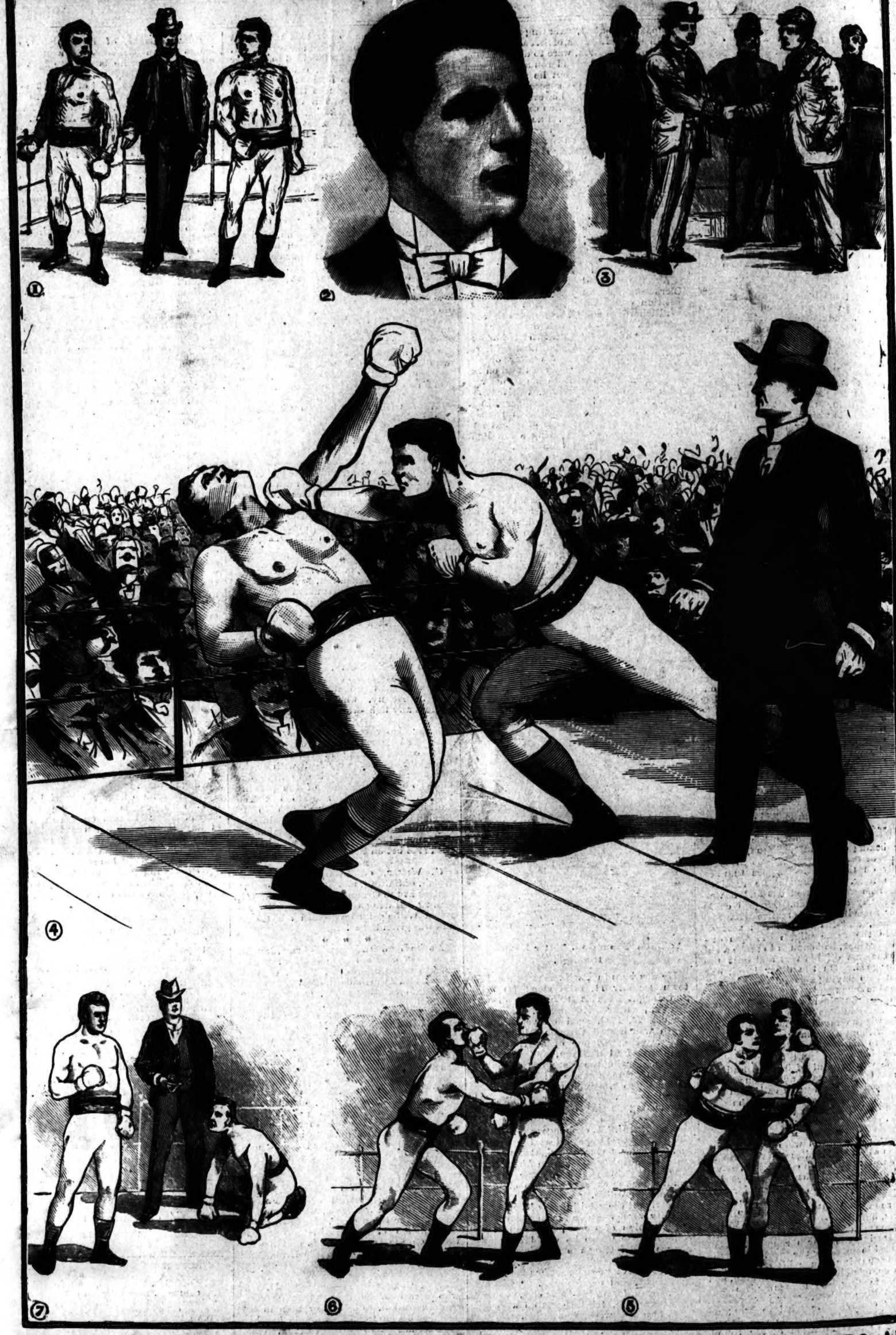

CORBETT DEFEATS MITCHELL IN THREE ROUNDS. HE WINS 20,000 DOLLARS AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

1. They refuse to Shake Hands when ordered to do so by the Referee. 2. James J. Corbett, Champion of the World. 3. The Fighters Shake Hands in the Court Room. 4. The Knock-out Blow in Round 3. 5. Mitchell Clinches to avoid Punishment. 6. Corbett lands an Upper-Cut in Round 2. 7. Mitchell takes advantage of the 10 seconds.

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